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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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"A SUMMER LANDSCAPE."—From the Painting by George Inness.—[See Page 244.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, April 22, 1882.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

VOLUMES OF
HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, AND HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers beg leave to state that all orders for the back numbers of Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazar, and Harper's Magazine, previous to January, 1878, should be sent in before July 1, 1882. After that date it is their intention to preserve back numbers of their periodicals for three years only.

Orders received before July 1, 1882, will be entered on their order books, and will be supplied as soon after July 1 as they can be printed.

In accordance with their advertisement of January 31, 1880, the plates and the numbers of the Weekly and Bazar previous to 1870 have been destroyed, and they therefore can not supply any numbers prior to that time.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 129, published April 18, contains the concluding chapter of the popular serial story "Talking Leaves." There is an especially interesting installment of the new serial, "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," and a very amusing short story, entitled "At the Dogs' Hospital," from the pen of Miss F. E. Fryatt.

There are two interesting articles of an instructive character, one by Lieutenant W. Sturdy, U. S. N., *entitled "Tom Fairweather's Visit to the Sultan of Borneo," and the other by* Ernest Ingersoll, *entitled "Captain Edwards's Big Whale," with four illustrations, and containing a full description of the capture and characteristics of the great mammal now on exhibition at the foot of Wall Street.*

An exceptionally attractive feature of this Number is an exquisite poem, by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, *upon the death of* Longfellow, *entitled "The Poet's Empty Chair." The illustrations, which are profuse and adapted to the text, include a beautiful full-page engraving, entitled "Tolling the Bell."*

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN NEW YORK.

THE political news from the West and the East and the South, and the situation in New York and Pennsylvania, show that the elections of the autumn will be very interesting, and that the results are very uncertain. Nowhere is the prospect more cloudy than in New York, where, however, one very important fact is known. For some years the Republican "machine" in this State was supreme and unscrupulous. Its nominal head was Mr. Conkling, but its actual efficient operators were Messrs. Arthur, Cornell, Platt, Smyth, Warren, Dutcher, Sharpe, and others, who were devoted unremittingly to the details of political management. They had their agents in every district, and a good understanding among themselves; and when they lost absolute control of the national patronage during the Hayes administration, they clung more closely together until the storm should blow over. Among the leaders of the machine there were naturally rivalries; but discipline was thorough, and there were no serious breaches. It was known that Mr. Arthur and Mr. Cornell were not really friendly, and the disastrous defeat of Mr. Cornell's hopes of a nomination in 1876 left no pleasant feeling. It was only by a very small majority that his nomination was carried in the Convention of 1879, although the supremacy of the machine was apparently greater than ever. The accession of Mr. Cornell as Governor was followed by the election of Mr. Arthur as Vice-President, and by that of Mr. Platt as Senator. Mr. Sharpe was Speaker, and the lesser chiefs had been cared for. But the resignation of Messrs. Conkling and Platt and their desperate struggle to secure a re-election revealed the important fact that "the machine" totally misrepresented the party in New York, and had retained control only by sheer force of trickery and terror. Governor Cornell told his old associates frankly that they could not be re-elected, and in the opinion of one of them became consequently a lizard on the hill. He was himself passively and negatively a candidate, and he declined to use his power to secure the re-election of the Senators who had resigned. The Vice-President labored strenuously to secure their success, and the overwhelming defeat of Messrs. Conkling and Platt left an irreparable break between them and their supporters and Governor Cornell.

The death of President Garfield, and the entire change of the National Administration, were events adverse to Governor Cornell's hopes of a renomination, and it is now well understood that it will not be favored by the Administration. The election of a Governor of New York, indeed, is in no manner whatever the concern of a National Administration, but, under the usual practice, the support or opposition of the Administration is held to be very powerful. The talk about Secretary Folger's candidacy is, of course, tentative. He has been long considered by many shrewd Republican politicians to be the most available candidate in the State, as a man of ability, of great political experience, and of high character, with a certain brusque independence and courage. In the present situation, however, it is asserted that he would not be a compromise candidate, but merely the Administration candidate as against Governor Cornell, and it would be understood, correctly or incorrectly, that the influence of the National Administration would be used for Secretary Folger, and that of the State Administration for Governor Cornell. Indeed, the present expectation is that there will be but two Republican candidates in the Convention, Governor Cornell and some opponent—Secretary Folger or another—on behalf of the National Administration. This calculation, however, so far as it concerns the Secretary of the Treasury, omits one important consideration. Mr. Folger is very much the ablest man in his wing of the party, and his temperament and character are such that neither as candidate nor Governor would he be the agent or instrument of the Administration or of any clique. Should he be elected Governor of New York, he would become at once not only a possible but a highly probable candidate for the Presidential nomination. His party sympathies are "Stalwart," but he is very much less involved in factional differences than any prominent political person in the State, and he has a sturdy old-fashioned rectitude which commends him greatly both to party and to popular confidence. But having resigned the Chief Justiceship of New York to become Secretary of the Treasury, it is not known that he would leave that post to risk an election as Governor. Yet we presume that the latter post would be more agreeable to him.

As a candidate, the Secretary would be very strong. The three leading anti-Stalwart Republican journals in the interior of the State are the Utica *Herald*, the Rochester *Democrat*, and the Buffalo *Express*. The Utica *Herald* says: "Secretary Folger would be a very strong and a very popular candidate with the masses of the Republican party, and his nomination would offer a brighter promise of real harmony in the canvass than that of any man who has been prominently mentioned." The Rochester *Democrat* says that Judge Folger, as a candidate, "would undoubtedly have a united party behind him." The Buffalo *Express* says: "He would be less obnoxious to the independent Republicans than any other Stalwart." We might add to these remarks that it is difficult to see what other Stalwart could be elected. In many ways Governor Cornell has been an excellent magistrate, and it is upon that ground that his renomination is sought. But in other ways his conduct, especially in appointments, has been far from satisfactory. He can not be said to represent any distinctive principle, and as between Governor Cornell and Secretary Folger, the question would be mainly one of personal preference. In a political situation like the present, however, it is the unexpected that happens. The election of 1879 showed that it is the independent voter—whose name is now legion—who determines the election. In Pennsylvania, if Mr. Cameron, who is known as "the boss," or the chief of "machine politics," persists in making a machine nomination, he will be decisively defeated by the support of a second Republican candidate. In New York, if the nomination should show merely a machine divided against itself, it is not certain that there would be a third candidate, but it is certain that Republican success would be very doubtful.

THE COMEDY OF REFORM.

When Mr. Bentley was removed by President Garfield from the Commissionership of Pensions and Mr. Dudley was appointed in his place, there was general regret in that large and important part of the community which does not like to see an upright and efficient public officer summarily displaced for reasons not pertaining to his official conduct. Commissioner Dudley, however, merits attention as a humorist. He has gravely proposed a scheme which, under the name of reform, would give legal sanction to the spoils system of patronage. It is in the nature of a boomerang. The scheme is thrown out in the name of reformers, but it recoils promptly upon reform. There are to be some additional clerks employed in the Pensions Bureau, and the ingenious Commissioner proposes that candidates shall be examined, and that the examiners shall decide who among such candidates shall be recommended for appointment, for a probation of six months, and then, at the pleasure of the Secretary of the Interior, for a term of three years. The selections for appointment, however, must be made from Republicans, and they must be distributed among the States and Territories in proportion to the Republican vote, or the Democratic vote when there is a Democratic Administration; and they must not be "unripe youth," but "men ripe in years and experience, of capacity and education," not masters of "abstract theories" and successful in "a brilliant examination" in the classics, science, art, and "other branches of learning," and in the award ex-Union soldiers and their relatives should be preferred, "other things being nearly equal."

This last clause is exquisite. This new method of reform consists in the recommendation of Republicans by a Republican board to a Republican Secretary, who is to appoint only ripe Republicans to the places. "The night," said the sagacious visitor opening the pantry door by accident, "is very dark, and smells of cheese." The Dudley plan of reform is very familiar. It was introduced by General Jackson. It is gravely defended by Mr. Thurlow Weed. It has been so long and so outrageously enforced that a change is imperatively necessary. "A change?" quoth the Commissioner of Pensions; "by all means! Presto! under which thimble will you be pleased to find the little joker?" The Commissioner proposes an examination. But an examination, to be of any service whatever as a remedy of existing abuses, must be a competition, conducted with entire good faith, and resulting in the necessary selection of one of the two or three most successful competitors. The other examination, which is known as a pass or standard examination, was made legal nearly thirty years ago in the Treasury Department at Washington. But it is since its passage that some of the most flagrant evils have flourished, and no such examination can serve as a barrier to abuse.

If Commissioner Dudley wishes to have the clerks selected because they are fitted for the duties which they are to perform; if he wishes them to be manly and self-respecting, and capable of showing the collectors of "voluntary contributions" to the door; if he wishes to provide for the efficient, prompt, and economical discharge of the public business confided to his bureau—he must begin by preventing the selection of clerks by personal favor for private and political ends. If a party can not retain power by its principles, by its wise and patriotic policy, and by its vigorous, able, and economical conduct of the government, it ought to go out of power. The administration of John Quincy Adams—whose life has just been admirably and comprehensively and briefly written by Mr. Morse in the first volume of the "Series of American Statesmen"—is often cited as illustrating the political folly of renouncing the spoils of minor and non-political place. There is no greater error. Mr. Adams lost his re-election not only, as Mr. Morse clearly points out, because the election turned wholly upon personal preferences and not upon political principles or measures of administration, but also, we may add, because Mr. Adams did not require of his subordinates the same respect for political opinions which he imposed upon himself. The Boston *Herald* says that Mr. Weed's plan of reform proposes, not to take the bear away from his victim, but to give him something, if practicable, which may ultimately cause his teeth to decay. Commissioner Dudley's plan is simpler. It is to enact the spoils system into law, and call it reform.

THE STAR ROUTE TRIALS.

True bills have been found in the Star Route cases. The last desperate endeavor of the accused was to have them thrown aside as irregular and insufficient. But the plea has been overruled. The indictments stand. Brady and others have been arraigned, and a bench warrant has issued for the arrest of Dorsey, who forfeited his recognizance. This steady persistence in the prosecution of inquiry into these monstrous frauds is most creditable to the Administration. The unqualified declarations of Attorney-General Brewster, the appointment as counsel of Mr. Merrick, the shrewd diligence of Mr. Bliss, have all been promising signs of an unflinching purpose, and there can now be no doubt whatever that the trials will take place in perfectly good faith. There can be no doubt, also, that the whole conduct of the Administration upon the subject is most creditable.

Mr. Dorsey is the secretary of the Republican National Committee. It was believed that there would be a disposition to connive at an avoidance of trial in order to save the reputation of the party. This, however, is a common but obvious misapprehension of expediency. The reasoning is that criminally to prosecute a person prominently and officially connected with the party is to foul one's own nest. But any individual agent may prove to be a rascal without compromising his principal. It is only when the principal is palpably trying to shield the agent that he becomes justly suspected of guilty complicity. The prompt pursuit of the apparent offenders in the present case by the Administration of their own party is the plainest evidence that the party totally disclaims them, and the shrewdest party policy is to punish such offenders rigorously.

From the point of view of expediency, also, no time is more propitious for such action than the present, because, in the absence of dividing issues between parties, the party in power will be judged by the character and efficiency of its Administration. Had it been evident that the authorities favored quibbling and evasion and delay in these Star Route cases, a public condemnation would have been expressed against which no Administration could stand. The unequivocal prosecution is the best possible party platform, and should the trials end in the conviction and punishment of the offenders, the result would be of the greatest party advantage. The party view, of course, is not the important view of the punishment of agents of vast frauds upon the government. But it is useful to see that in politics, as elsewhere, honesty is the best policy.

AN INTERIOR GLIMPSE OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

The *Evening Post* and the *Times* have each recently published the questions at two recent competitive examinations to the Custom-house. The first examination was for entrance, and the questions may be wisely studied by those who allege that candidates for admission to the customs service are examined in astronomy and Sanskrit, and who inform us that ability to answer school-masters' questions does not prove ability to be a good clerk. This last remark is the more ludicrous because it proceeds from those who hold that the recommendation of a politician does prove it. The reasoning is really this: a man who can do a difficult sum correctly does not prove himself to be a good clerk, but a man who packs a primary neatly does. This is a type of the objections to a reformed method of appointment.

The other examination was for promotion to the liquidating department of the Custom-house. The work, as the *Times* says, requires a general knowledge of the tariff and of customs regulations; it involves comparison, analysis, and difficult computations, a good mastery of foreign weights, measures, and currencies, and general intelligence. The questions were adapted to test the knowledge and facility of the competitors in all these directions, and the promotion was determined, not by personal interest and influence, but by the result of the examination fairly rated and weighed. Some of the questions were difficult, except for experts, but there was not one of them that was not admirably adapted to the express purpose of the examination.

The *Democrat*, in Madison, Wisconsin, having made some loose references to these examinations, Mr. Gregory, the secretary of the Reform Association in Madison, wrote to the Naval Office in New York to verify the statements in the excellent and conclusive pamphlet of Mr. Willard Brown, issued by the Reform Association here. He received a very interesting reply from Mr. Comstock, of the Naval Office, who disposed of the incredulity of the *Democrat* by the statement that not only is the Examining Board ignorant of the politics of those who appear for examination, but even of their names, of which, however, a proper registry is kept in the office. Mr. Comstock adds what we also know to be true: "As to the influences governing appointments, I can speak of the Naval Officer's methods from positive knowledge of his methods. He is to this day quite ignorant of the politics of any one of the forty subordinates who have entered his office through the competitive examinations, his idea being that all citizens have an equal right to serve the country, whether in the army, the navy, or the civil service." The value and practicability of competition for appointments is no more an open question than the sanitary advantages of fresh air and water.

RELIGIOUS FRATERNITY.

The hospitality offered to the society of the Church of the Incarnation, whose building was recently burned, is a significant illustration of the true religious fraternity which is happily extending on all sides. On the very evening of the fire the Rev. Dr. Taylor, of the Congregational Tabernacle Church, offered the use of that spacious edifice for the services of the Church of the Incarnation, which is an Episcopal body, and in acceptance of a similar invitation from Rabbi Gottheil, of the Jewish Temple Emanuel, the Easter service was hèld in that Hebrew synagogue.

This is the spirit of the charge of the venerable apostle, "Little children, love one another." The hospitality of the Jews to the Christians is of the true church universal, and certainly surprises no one who knows the large and catholic heart of Dr. Gottheil.

When Theodore Parker was once called to the burial service of a man who had no faith in the existence of a personal God, he said in his address, "Our friend denied the being of God, but he did His work." Longfellow gives an exquisite form to the same feeling in the last lines of the "New England Tragedy," where he speaks of "sad humanity" returning

> "Unto the simple thought
> By the great Master taught,
> And that remaineth still:
> Not he that repeateth the name,
> But he that doeth the will."

MR. YEW FUN TAN.

Mr. Page, of California, continues the Chinese debate by reporting to the Senate from the Committee on Education and Labor a new Chinese bill, prohibiting immigration for ten instead of twenty years. If Goldsmith were among us, the Chinese Philosopher would pierce the advocates of this extraordinary measure with ridicule. But an actual Chinese student of Yale College, Mr. Yew Fun Tan, handles the arguments with great skill in a letter to the *Evening Post.* He concedes that the importation of coolies ought to be prohibited, and states that the Chinese government would most cordially co-operate in that good work.

As for "assimilation," however, Mr. Yew Fun Tan very truly says that it is not the Chinese, but the Americans, who refuse to assimilate. It is unfair to assert that the Chinese will not remain and become good citizens, for the good reason that we will not allow them to do so. It is equally foolish to accuse them of every kind of vice, for they are generally a quiet and industrious people. The accusations which the Chinese student repels were brought by Mr. William T. Coleman at the anti-Chinese meeting in San Francisco a few weeks ago, in a speech which illustrates the curious condition of the Californian mind upon this subject.

Mr. Coleman says that China has always avoided foreign contact, but he imagines that country suddenly buying an enormous fleet and flinging herself upon America, "so that five, ten, or even twenty millions could be here in a comparatively short time." The prospect is appalling, he exclaims; and he asks what would become of us. Now Mr. Coleman knows that after thirty and more years, with higher prices for labor, and generally with encouragement to immigration, the result is that there are rather more than 100,000 Chinese in the country, while during the same time some five or eight millions of persons have come from other countries. Mr. Coleman is aghast at the vision of a Chinese army, a modern disciplined horde of Gengis-Khan or of Timour the Tartar, overwhelming Anglo-Saxon civilization, and yet he knows that the Chinese capital was sacked within a few years by a moderate European force, and that treaties were dictated to the empire by an army of 10,000 puny Sepoys. When there is any sign whatever of a Mongolian invasion, there will be plenty of time to defend ourselves. Meanwhile "the fact that the United States," says Mr. Yew Fun Tan, "has committed two great wrongs, one on the negro and the other on the Indian, does not justify her in committing this third wrong."

LIFE OF LONGFELLOW.

Mr. Ernest Longfellow, son of the poet, has published a card, in which he states that none of the biographies of his father which have been announced are authorized by the family. In due time a memoir will be published, to which the family will give all their assistance, and for which they will reserve all the material in their hands. Meanwhile they will be glad to receive any correspondence or other material which may be confided to them for the purpose of the biography.

A UNIQUE BOOK.

There are a great many newspaper directories, but chief among them, and a unique cyclopædia of its kind, is *Hubbard's Newspaper and Bank Directory of the World*, which, in two large volumes, solidly bound, of 2593 pages, contains a list of all American and all foreign newspapers. The work asserts that no European catalogue is so complete even in describing the newspapers of its own country. There is also a list of about 20,000 "responsible banks of the world," and, indeed, a collection of various curious information. The work is unique, and is evidently the result of extraordinary diligence. But its information is of a kind which is necessarily incessantly changing. Mr. Hubbard is the well-known news agent in New Haven.

MR. LOWELL IN ENGLAND.

In a late letter from London to the *Tribune*, Mr. Smalley says what everybody who knows Mr. Lowell, our Minister in England, knows to be true. It is unspeakably comical to hear men who do not know what the word America means, and who take its name only to abuse its spirit, decrying James Russell Lowell as a recreant American. The clamor about his "toadyism" to the British aristocracy is itself the sheerest toadyism to the ignorant Irish vote in America. We say ignorant because the intelligent Irish voters despise the cry equally with other intelligent American citizens.

"The attacks on Mr. Lowell indicate an equal recklessness of facts. I know from English sources how Mr. Lowell's conduct in these negotiations is considered. His action was characterized by unremitting energy, ingenuity, variety of resource, and boldness. He availed himself of every diplomatic expedient, and did not hesitate to depart from diplomatic usage, at the risk of offending a Foreign Minister, in order to execute the wishes of his own Government. Those very personal intimacies of which Mr. Lowell's Irish critics complain contributed to the effectiveness of his action. Regardless of etiquette, Mr. Lowell pressed the matter, not only with Earl Granville, but with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster. The Irish-Americans' complaint of what they call Mr. Lowell's 'flunkeyism' is as absurd and ignorant as it is vulgar. Mr. Lowell, though personally popular, has always been criticised in London society for his marked and often combative Americanism."

TO PREVENT PANICS IN THEATRES.

Mr. P. D. Richards suggests to the Boston *Transcript* a simple plan for preventing the spread of fire from the stage of a theatre to the other parts of the house, which among the other suggestions is very simple, and which he asserts to be practicable. Every intelligent proposition of the kind is valuable. Mr. Richards proposes:

"An iron curtain in *front* of all other curtains, held up by an electro-magnet, applied to the necessary simple gearing, to prevent its running down. In the orchestra and on the main floor and each gallery have the now so common push-button in a glass case, with wires running to the magnet and battery, and with printed directions to this effect: 'In case of fire on the stage, break the glass and push the button at once.' *This is practicable*, and this will make the Vienna and Brooklyn theatre catastrophes *impossible.*"

THE MANHATTAN INVESTIGATION.

The resolution introduced in the New York Assembly by Mr. Roosevelt directing an investigation into the alleged misconduct of Judge Westbrook and ex-Attorney-General Ward was passed by a vote of 104 to 6. An attempt was made to suppress it, but it failed ignominiously. There were several dodgers who forgot, as usual, that upon every decisive and important question dodging is merely a confession of cowardice. It shows only that the dodger does not dare to do what he wishes to do.

The charges of misconduct in this case are not mere newspaper abuse. Such a detailed statement of the alleged facts as Mr. Roosevelt made in his speech would not only authorize any legislative body to order an investigation, but should stimulate every person so charged to demand an investigation. After the publications in the *Times* and the speech of Mr. Roosevelt, it was impossible that public confidence in Judge Westbrook should not be shaken, if the matter were left without action. Abuse of the press, and insinuations that Mr. Roosevelt is the agent of stock-jobbers who have been "pinched," was not only indecent Parliamentary conduct, but it still further compromised Judge Westbrook.

It is with the greatest satisfaction that those who are interested in good government see a young man in the Legislature who, like Mr. Roosevelt, does not know the meaning of fear, and to whom the bluster and bravado of party and political bullies are as absolutely indifferent as the blowing of the wind. Mr. Roosevelt and his friends in the Legislature, like Mayor Low and his friends out of the Legislature, are representatives of a patriotic, practical, and determined Republicanism of which the party managers may wisely take heed.

PERSONAL.

Mr. J. R. G .Hassard, one of the editorial staff of the New York *Tribune*, who is now travelling in Europe, and writing pleasant letters to that paper, describes, in his last, Monte Carlo, its gambling and gamblers, and its theatre. Its orchestral fame he derides, and says: "The more I travel, and the more I learn about the music of other countries, the better am I satisfied that the finest orchestra in the world is in New York, and that the first of living conductors is Theodore Thomas."

—The Rev. T. F. Green, who is in jail in England on account of improper practices in the ritual, not finding sufficient exercise in daily walks in the prison yard, applied to the prison authorities for any work they could find him, and he now houses all the coal that comes to the jail, *i. e.*, when it is dumped from the carts he carries it in baskets to where it is kept for use.

—In Caroline Fox's charming book, *Memories of Old Friends*, recently published by Harper & Brothers, is the following paragraph under date of July 30, 1846: "Made the acquaintance of two American ladies, and was much pleased with them. Mary Ashburnham, alias Fanny Appleton, was a near neighbor and friend of theirs—a most beautiful girl, whom thirty bold gentlemen sought to win! She came to Europe, and met Longfellow in the Black Forest, and there transacted the scenes described in *Hyperion*. She returned to America, and her father on his death-bed expressed his wish that of all her suitors she should fix her choice on Longfellow as the person most worthy of her, and most able to sympathize with her feelings. After a little time she married him, settled in the country in poetic simplicity, and speaks of herself as the happiest woman possible. My friend heard him read his prize poem at the college so exquisitely that their orator, Everett, said he could hardly bear to speak after him." In reference to Mr. Longfellow's religious creed, he was, like his brother, Samuel Longfellow, a liberal Unitarian. He seldom went to church, but his family usually attended the College Chapel at Cambridge.

—Miss Julia Jackson, Stonewall Jackson's daughter, has a will of her own. "Remember," she once said to her mother, haughtily, "that I am a Jackson." "Yes," said Mrs. Jackson, "and I am your mother."

—We are pleased to learn, on the authority of Mr. Alexander Macmillan, who recently passed some days with Mr. J. R. Green at Mentone, that, contrary to recently published information, the historian has gained health and strength during his stay there. He has, in fact, nearly completed a volume complementary to *The Making of England*, in which, under the title of *England and the Northmen*, he will bring his more detailed studies of early England to the time of the Conquest. Mr. Alexander Macmillan, it may be added, is one of that race of publishers whose relations with authors make their calling something more than a mere business, and to him the English-speaking world is in good part indebted for the *Short History of England*, since it was he who believed Mr. Green was the man to write a needed book.

—Last summer an American gentleman, Mr. Andrew Carmegie, starting for Europe with the pleasant intention of making in England the journey described in Mr. Black's *Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*, dined with President Garfield some days before sailing. The conversation naturally turned upon Mr. Black's novels, and the President said: "By-the-way, I am provoked with him just now. A man has no right to end a novel so miserably as *Macleod of Dare* ends. *Human life has tragedies enough;* fiction should give us the bright side." When the coaching party, then at Chatsworth, heard of the fatal shot, the words came back as sad prophecy.

—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, says one of his many admirers, is growing younger with every year. Shrewdness dwells in every wrinkle of his Yankee face, and merriment sparkles in the clear and honest eyes. He is, if possible, wittier than ever, and is lavish in his fun. His daily life is full of hard work carefully performed, but he nevertheless finds time for many dinner parties.

—Senator Vest, of Missouri, who is said to be one of the best raconteurs in Washington, where there are many, commenced his career as a reporter on one of the Louisville (Kentucky) papers.

—Governor Littlefield, of Rhode Island, worked in boyhood in a cotton factory at Natick, when William Sprague was Governor. In the ups and downs of life the latter became bankrupt, while the former succeeded to the Executive chair.

—Mrs. Sergeant Mason has been offered $1500 a year to act as clerk in a Chicago store.

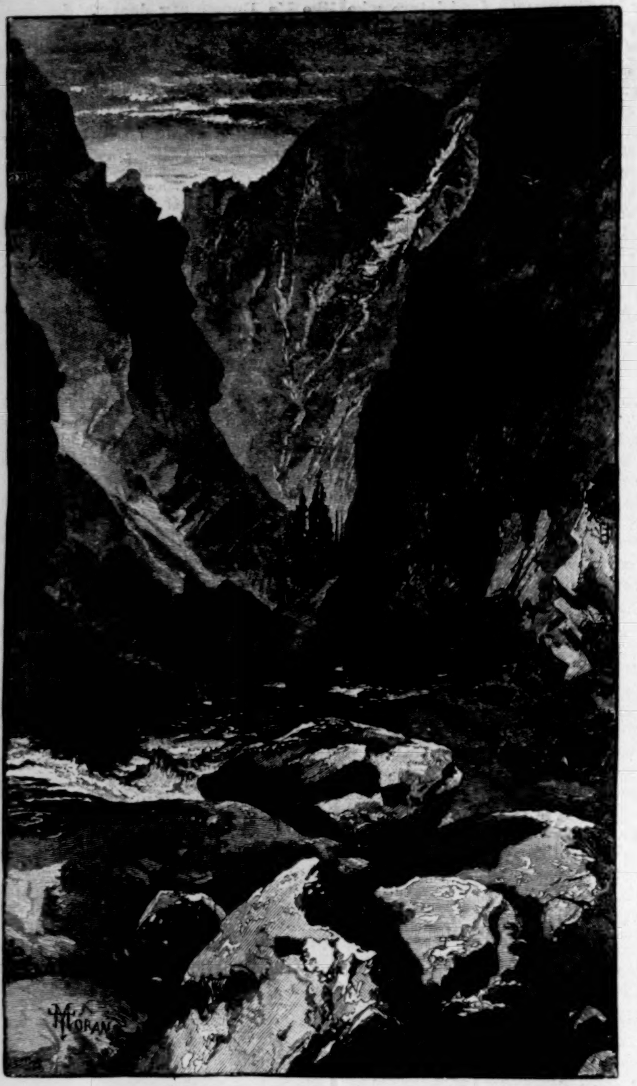
—Gentlemen in Boston, friends of Mr. Florence, the actor, have petitioned the President to give him a diplomatic appointment. Mr. F. is a man of literary as well as histrionic ability, very gracious and winning in manners, and quite capable of maintaining a good position abroad as our representative.

—Our principal Indian, Sitting Bull, is about forty-five, straight, tall, has an intelligent face and pleasant expression. He has several sons and daughters, some of them grown up. It is curious about the names of Indians that none of them will tell you his own name, but you must find it out from somebody else.

—The Rev. Dr. Boardman, of Philadelphia, has just finished a remarkable ministerial feat. Eighteen years ago he began a series of lectures on the New Testament, commencing with St. Matthew. He went over the ground chapter by chapter, verse by verse, until a few days since he reached, in his 626th lecture, the last chapter of Revelation.

—Major Herschel and his sister, the children of Sir John Herschel, the astronomer, are spending some time in New York and vicinity. Miss Herschel is about to visit Professor Maria Mitchell at Vassar.

—Judge Key, late Postmaster-General, has been lecturing in Chattanooga, Tennessee, on the Yankee, and was quite complimentary to his New England friends, against whom, in early life, he confessed he had imbibed and fostered the strongest prejudices. "But he had seen the Yankee in all the busy avocations of life, in every variety of business, political and home association, and of the impressions so formed he desired mainly to speak in the plainest and simplest manner. He would go to New England to find in their town-meetings the purest democracy in the world, and contrasted the New England town-meeting, where all the citizens met and took part in the local legislation, each township, corresponding with our civil districts, levying, collecting, and expending its own taxes, with our cumbrous County Court system." The speaker spoke in admiring terms of the simplicity, economy, and effectiveness of the New England system; its great effect as a capital school for teaching the principles of practical government; its freedom from narrow partisan ends, jobbery, and fraud; its pure business character; and stated that the towns system had "done more than any other agency to infuse into New England that pluck, energy, activity, and force which have placed her in the forefront of the nation in achievement and prosperity."



TOLTEC GORGE.—From a Drawing by T. Moran.

GEORGE INNESS.

I.

It was just sunset as we were leaving the University Building on Washington Square, and the lingering rays lent a mournfully evanescent beauty to the naked trees and the reviving sod. "See the tone of that grass," exclaimed Mr. **Inness**—"its local color as affected by the conditions of the moment. See those trees, how sharply defined are their outlines, and how dark, without being black, are their surfaces. Many artists who should try to put them on canvas would be apt to make them black. But they certainly are not black. It is so hard to paint this tone. Look at those two trees, one of them ten feet in front of the other; it is so hard to get their exact relation to themselves and to their surroundings. Few painters attempt it. To keep the local color of that grass and those trees, and yet preserve their tone, is the greatest of pictorial problems, and **Rousseau** is about the only man I know who solved it. Yet the public does not appreciate **Rousseau**. The public craves exaggeration. People can't see a wart on a man's nose unless it is twice as big as it really is." Mr. **Inness** is a famous talker on art matters, as everybody knows who has read the report of his conversations in a paper entitled "A Painter on Painting," in the number of **Harper's Magazine** for February, 1878. I do not propose to quote from that paper here. But there lies before me an unpublished manuscript essay of his, headed "Suggestions by an Artist," from which, by his courtesy, I am able to give a few selections:

"The master should exercise his control over the pupil by restraining the latter's tendency to imitation, and by leading him to the perception of those principles through which facts are represented according to their relative significance."

"The footstep of Love is necessarily law. Love moves to find its mate, Wisdom."

"The artist reproduces nature not as the brute sees it, but as an idea partaking more or less of the creative source from which it flows."

"Beauty and goodness are the substance of real truth, and the tests of purity and simplicity both of life and of art."

"The overlove of knowing is a chronic trouble with artists, and produces in their works the appearance of effort and labor, instead of that freedom which is the life of truth."

"The light that comes to the mind is from what is above the mind. Its reflected ray presents an image of the invisible."

"Knowledge must bow to spirit."

"The wisdom of love guides a man into the consciousness of the truth of that which he loves."

"If your genius necessitates your living in a small hut, be content; the hut will stand you in more than a great mansion."

"Facts are the straws of sense."

"The memory is the daguerreotype shop of the soul, which treasures all that God creates to consciousness through eye and touch. What we painters have to learn is to keep this shop closed in the presence of nature: to see, and not think we see. When we do this, our eyes are lighted from within, and the face of nature is transformed; and we teach the world to see reality in a new light. Such is the mission of art."

"Our intelligence is occupied with the contemplation of effects. It should be occupied with the contemplation of cause. In this case art would cease to be mere imitation. Through the representation of forms its purpose would be to communicate intelligence."

"A bit of old-fashioned inspiration says, 'Give me understanding, and I will keep Thy law.' Understanding is a spiritual foothold, fixed upon and mastering the senses."

"Judgment is the power of holding the balance between the restraints of thought and the impulses of feeling."

"The emotional life is the substantial pabulum of æsthetic power."

"The divine life in man is in the harmony of the interior forces of the soul; the æsthetic life is in the harmony of the exterior forces of the soul."

"The paramount difficulty with the artist is to bring his intellect to submit to the fact that there is such a thing as the undefinable—that which hides itself that we may feel after it. The intellect desires to define everything; it is a pre-Raphaelite *par excellence;* its cravings are for what it can see, lay hold of, measure, weigh, examine. But God is always hidden, and beauty depends upon the unseen—the visible upon the invisible."

"This abominable tendency to believe only in what can be defined, this desire to realize all things of life sensuously, is the cause of human misery. It is the life of the beast-mind. How sweetly, when the animal-mind has been subdued, is the chastened spirit charmed with the hidden story of the real!"

"Let us believe in art, not as something to gratify curiosity or suit commercial ends, but as something to be loved and cherished because it is the handmaid of the spiritual life of the age."

"We can not be impressed by that which does not touch us."

This maxim is excellent, is it not? And how useful might be the consideration of it to some of our advanced young painters—clever fellows they are—whose single fallacy is that they strive to impress by that which does not touch!

II.

It is not generally known that Mr. **Inness** writes lyric poetry, although everybody knows that he paints it. Embodiments of the beautiful he is felicitous in creating with both pen and brush, and in each instance his art fulfills the loftier function of depicting not his own subjective emotions alone, but those of the human race. His Muse has not yet expressed herself in love ditties or drinking songs; she is as grave as **Michael Angelo's**, and as chaste as **Milton's**. And she does not care a fig for rhyme or for metrical structure; in fact, she disbelieves in both. What Mr. **Inness** has written was written *currente calamo* at intervals of painting. The thoughts came to him, and were recorded while the inspiration lasted. The verses that follow are the first of his to appear in a public journal, although last year he prepared to break the ice by printing a few stanzas in the catalogue of the New York Academy of Design's annual exhibition of paintings. A few months ago he was represented in the gallery of the Union League Club by a picture called "Breaking Up," in which clouds were breaking over mountains, the landscape marked by brilliant lights and strong shadows, and the whole executed with great dash in about four hours. Somebody told him that another somebody had said that a third somebody did not understand it. He sat down soon afterward, wrote the following lines, and sent them with his compliments to the lady who had bought the picture:

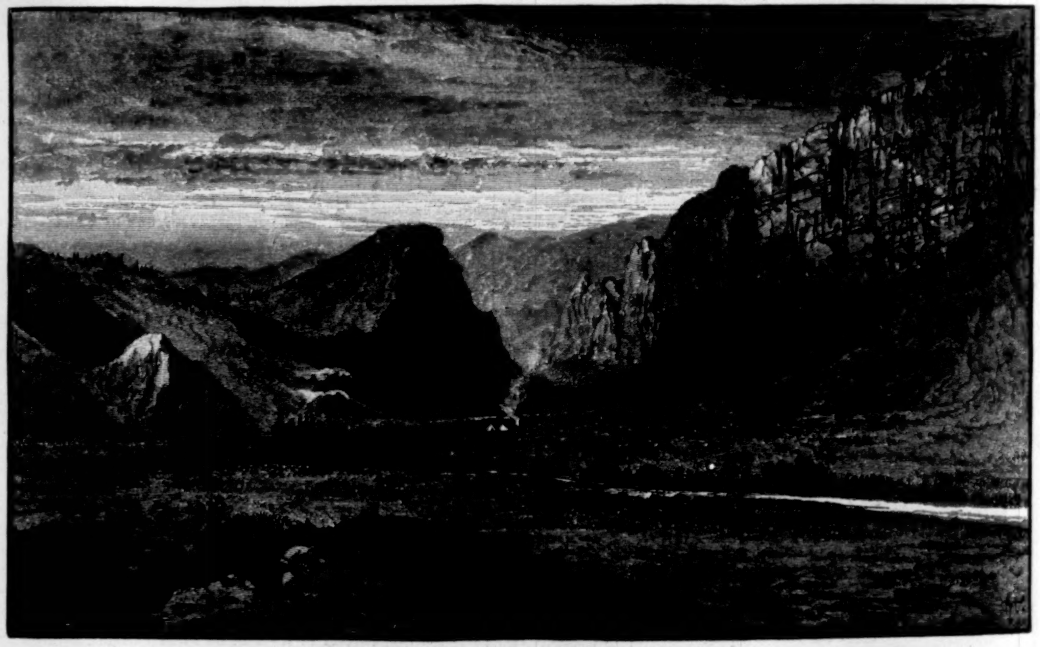
ADDRESS OF THE CLOUDS TO THE EARTH.

We have wept our burden,
We have filled thy streams;
Thy fields are vital with the
Greenness of a freshened
Life, O Earth, our brother;
And now we court the
Winds. Hilarious
In our wedded joy,
O'er thy high-reaching hills
We break in varied forms,
And make thy groves and meadows
Ring in joyous laugh
At our black shadows as we
Pass. Soon will we join ourselves
In softened forms, and, far
Extended on thy horizon,
Lie stretched along, in sweet repose,
As pearly pendants to thy distant
Mountain-peaks. Thy hills
Revealed, and all thy body
Bathed in shining light, we
Throw our kisses at thee
As a vapor's breath.

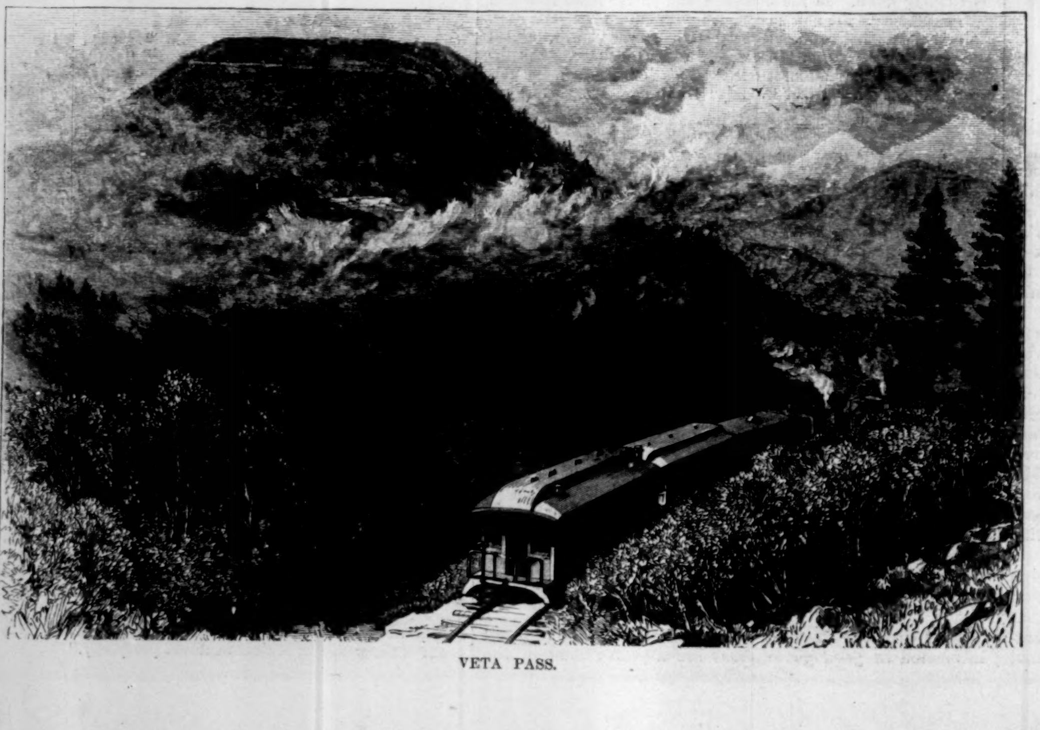
A PICTURESQUE RAILWAY LINE.

It was many years after railways had been established on comparatively level routes, which presented few engineering difficulties, that the first rails were laid through some of the lower passes of Switzerland and Tyrol; and great was the wonder of travellers as the powerful locomotives drew them swiftly and easily over heights to which the slow and cumbrous diligence had painfully toiled in years gone by. It is doubtful if the scenery was half so well appreciated as the trains sped rapidly from point to point, giving the peaks the appearance of a moving panorama, as in the olden time, when the traveller had the same enchanting scene for hours before his eyes, and could take in its full beauty without the jar of swift and constant transition. Those who love natural scenery will never forgive the locomotive for banishing the diligence; but the old tranquil modes of travel are passing away in all parts of the world, and it is useless to regret them.

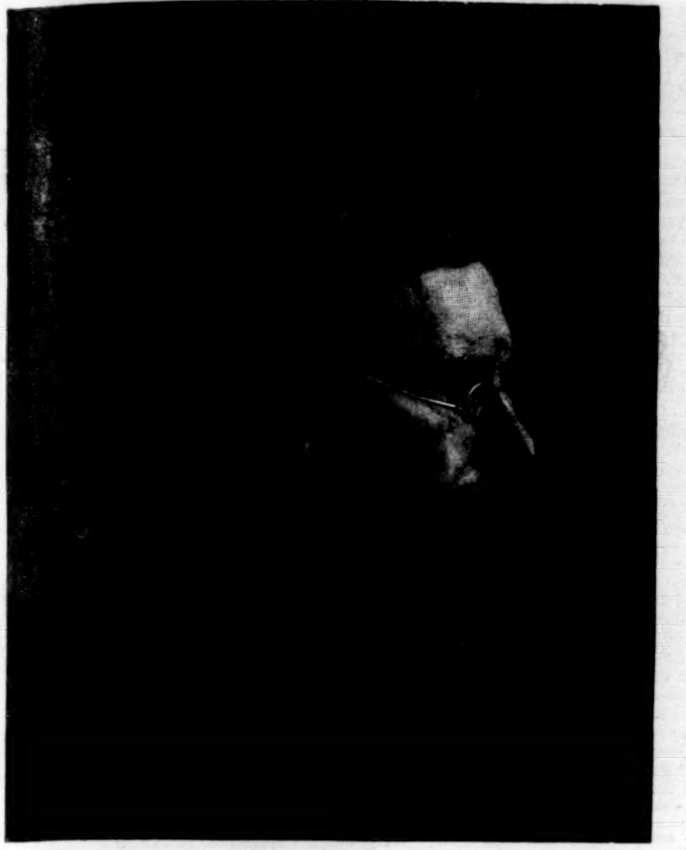
Our own country affords some of the most picturesque lines of railway in the world. This is particularly true of the far West, where engineering skill has conquered difficulties that a few years ago seemed to be insurmountable. The line of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, for instance, of which we give several illustrations, runs through a region of country which presents features of grandeur unsurpassed in any other part of the world. It has been called "the scenic line of America," and the drawings by Mr. **Thomas Moran** fully bear out its claim to this designation. It climbs immense heights, and winds through wild gorges and gaps in the mountain ranges, presenting at every turn some new object for wonder and admiration. What can be imagined more weird than Wagon-wheel Gap, or more wild and desolate than Toltec Gorge, its tumultuous water-course obstructed by the "tumbled fragments of the hills"?



WAGON-WHEEL GAP.—From a Drawing by T. Moran.



VETA PASS.



GEORGE INNESS.—Photographed by Sarony.

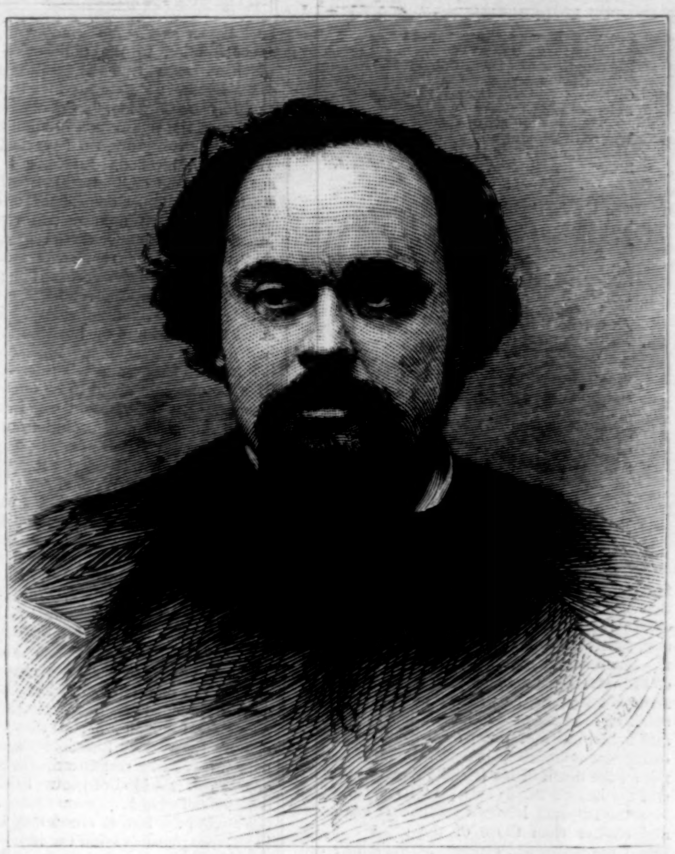
The story of this poem is the poet's doctrine of the resurrection of the body.

III.

The first poem that Mr. Inness ever wrote is called "The Leaves and the Brook," and was suggested by one of his simplest landscape sketches in pencil. The leaves drop into the brook, and are borne to the ocean. They tell the ocean of other leaves left behind on the ground — other little truths, their brothers. They salt the waters, and thus preserve the memory of their brotherhood. They represent the truth, which, like salt, has a preservative force. The leaves left behind represent the good, which loves. The two classes of leaves unite, and keep on uniting:

THE LEAVES AND THE BROOK.

Each, as we fall, that, gathered
By the tide, glides onward to the
Ocean wave, tells it of brothers—
Little truths from off the trees of life,
Earth-embosomed; while we, tossed
On the stormy wave, and moulded
By the deep, salting the waters of
Far-stretching memories, do there
Preserve the story of our brotherhood,
That truth may find her likeness
Here upon the sea and there upon the land.
Through that great power which pulsates
Nature into life (truth to its substance
Joined) we form an ever-flowing stream,
Which pours along that conscious shore
Where memory stands, the image of
The past—a present good.



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.—Photographed by Downey, London.—[See Page 251.]

The special interest of these beautiful lines is not that they are true poetry—other poets have written true poetry—but that they are George Inness's description of one of George Inness's landscapes; that they contain his philosophy of painting; that they reveal what to him is the true significance of landscape art. His clouds call the earth their brother; they court the winds, and wed them; they elicit laughter from the groves and meadows; they rest as pearly pendants to the mountain-peaks, and they disappear in kisses. They are not Shelley's clouds, which are literary; they are the painter's clouds, which are pictorial.

The next poem, "Love," was intended to accompany a picture representing a primeval man in the act of carrying his dead wife in his arms to a cavern, where he was to bury her. His sweetest self he is to lay in the earth, separating himself from himself; yet will her body germinate within the dark chaotic wastes, and live again, a new creation, its mystery and delight infinitely greater than before. This new-begotten seed is himself too, which yet is not himself; it is his other self, his sweetest self, whom he is about to place "in thy cavernous jaws, O Earth":

LOVE.

Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh,
My sweetest self, into thy cavernous
Jaws, O Earth, I place. What though
I separate me from myself, and in
Thy bosom place this so sweet body
Of my love! A fiery life I so
Inspire within thy dark, chaotic
Wastes, and rouse thee from thy
Vacant death to bear me forth, a
New creation from myself, which
Yet is not myself. Then shall I dwell
In an eternal new-begotten seed—
The mystery, the delight, increased
From one to numbers infinite.

I once suggested to Mr. Inness that occasionally a verse of his might be considered a little obscure. He replied, quietly, "I don't expect everybody to understand these things"—a poet's answer.

"Despair" was written in connection with a picture of a figure in a cell, expressive of hopeless grief. On one side of a sheet of paper is Inness's sketch for the picture; on the other, the poem, hastily and rudely recorded. It is a mighty man's despair: "I feel within me all creation turning back to chaos." The speaker is no longer conscious of nature; his vital currents congeal; the thoughts that peopled his soul become withered fancies. Unless God assures this despairing mortal that He (God) is a man too, unless man can find sympathy and help in a God-man, he is but the personality of naught. It is a variation of the old Hebrew melody, "I am poor and sorrowful: let Thy salvation, O God, set me up on high." Inness, inspirationally, is Semitic rather than Aryan. The sources of his prophesying are not Greek, but Hebraic:

DESPAIR.

I feel within me all creation turning
Back to chaos: no other self to whom
To give myself; myself unmakes
Myself, and Nature dies away
From memory's consciousness.
The sappy greenness of my heart
Turns to a solid death, and my
Unpeopled soul sinks 'mid a
Vacant life of withered fancies—all
Unreal to sight, to sound, to touch.
Without a God to signature himself
A man to me, I am the
Personality of naught, the scattered
Ashes of a burnt-out sympathy.

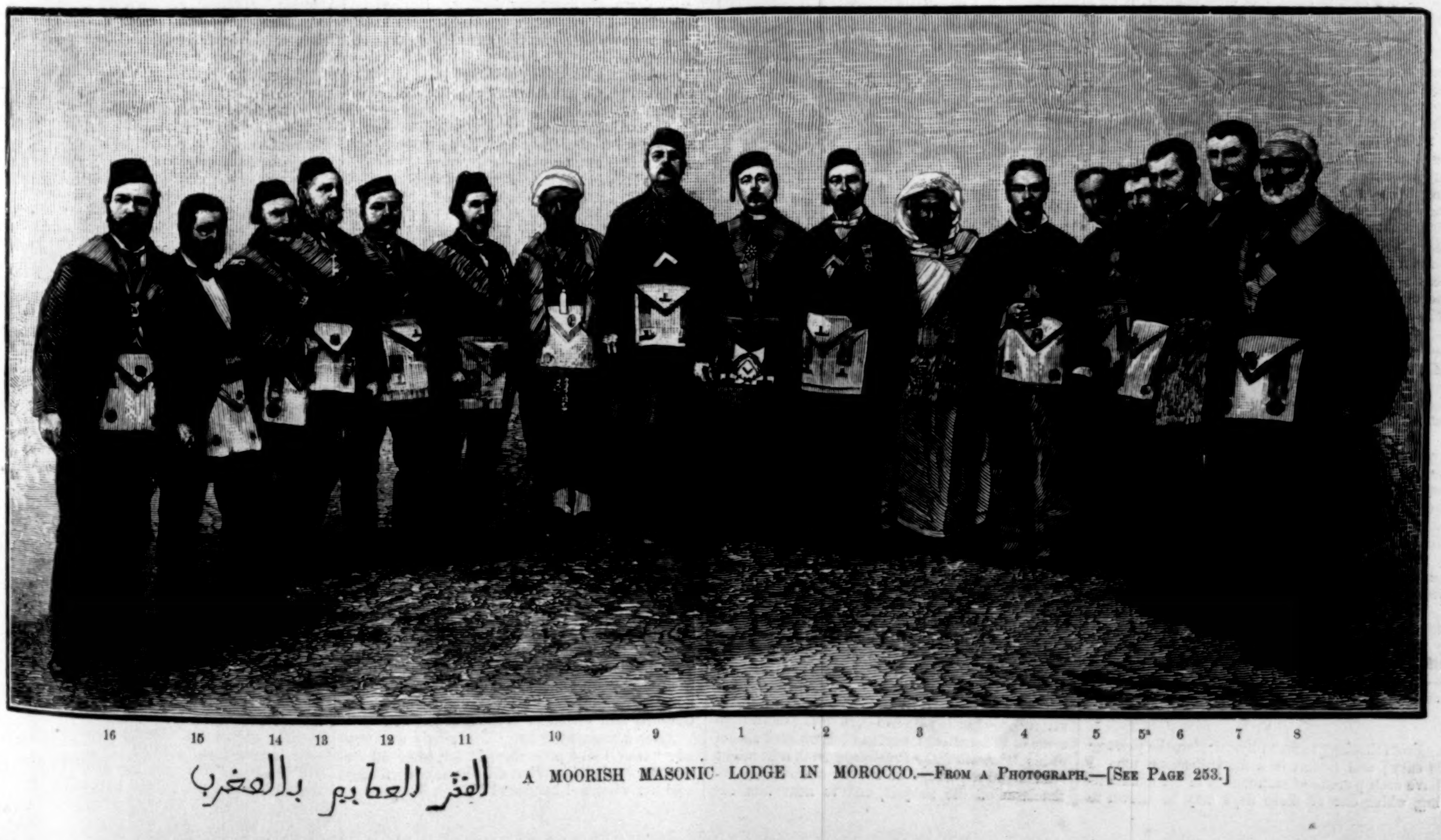
"The Pilgrim" was meant to be a part of a longer poem describing man's progress from superstition and darkness into reasonableness and light. But it is complete in itself, and, like all Mr. Inness's poems, seems quite different from anything ever written by anybody else:

THE PILGRIM.

A pilgrim, passing through
The gates of Rome,
Transfixed in gaze, stood
On Campagna's heights,
And thus to me he spoke
At my approach
As from his dream he woke:

"Far have I travelled, guided as
In sacred trust,
To bow my knee beneath
St. Peter's dome.
There willful nature's debt to
Superstition paid,
My soul expands as now I gaze,
Returned from faithless error's
Step, upon this rising sun,
To me henceforth the emblem
Of eternal good,
Proceeding from that lamb-like love
Which shines, as truth, its light,
Within the mind of man;
Nor yet my spirit bears me ill
That through St. Peter's gates I
Came or went."

The eagle eye denied to mortal man,
His baser passions rise before his ken,
And color reason's ray in bloody tones;
Yet do those mists but serve
To obscure the light
And make weak vision safe
To catch the useful form.
The bird of Jove with faultless eye
That sweeps horizon's line
Is but the fiend that swoops
Upon the dove, the lamb,
Until, trained to the voice of Ganymede,
It bears the love it serves,
Burdened with truth
Pressed out from earth to heaven.



الفتر العطيم بالمغرب A MOORISH MASONIC LODGE IN MOROCCO.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 253.]

See now how as those vapors
Rise in grotesque form,
Imagination fills them one by one
With imageries
Of things that be, from bird to beast,
From castled towers to ships and fish
That sail or swim the sea;
Waves, lines and angles, confused
Crags and peopled towns,
Serve us with gorgeous color concerts,
Vapors though they be.

The blazing light obscured,
The vision drowned, life still
Reveals the Unknown as an
Inspiring love,
An endless voice that gives a
Conscious language to the soul,
Numbering its hopes and fears
In colors gay or sad,
As spirits, moving forms of things,
To be to memory as man's,
Weak man's, reality—

Weak unformed image of divinity,
In whom imagination rules the sight,
And from projections of his own
Desire, creates a lower form
To be the fetich of his will,
Till contrast with the round reality
Shall tell his soul the story of an
Ever-flowing, all-pervading good,
Eternal, real, yet to the mind
That seeks to see,
Forever the unknown; for
What is seen is not reality.

The pilgrim looks at the sun, that is, at the infinite, after his experience of religious superstition has failed him. The forms made by the clouds represent the fetiches of man's own desire, that is, his fancies. As these clear away, the round sun, the reality, appears. If the reader will refresh his memory with some of Michael Angelo's sonnets, he will see not only that the spirit of Inness's productions is not less serious and noble, but that there exist some very interesting correspondences between the former's sonnet on the death of his friend Vittoria Colonna, and the latter's verses entitled "Love," although in some respects Inness's sentiments are larger and choicer than those of the great sculptor. But if the reader will contrast Inness's lines with some of the frivolous jingling which Turner committed to paper, he will perhaps smile to see how much more frivolous this jingling appears by reason of the juxtaposition.

IV.

The distance between a man's poetry and his religious sentiments is not so great as to need a bridge or boat. It is only a step between them. "I do not see," said Mr. Inness, in answer to a question, "that what I believe can be of any particular importance to anybody else, nor do I think well of giving it a definite shape. In such a form it would be at best a scientific formula of my present state of mind, and such scientific formulas change as our states change. The real truth must always be a cropping out of a man's experience; it then need disturb no other man's faith, but may meet their needs in accordance with their desires. No man has a right to assume that that is a material fact—even though it may be a fact—which is contrary to the whole tenor of his experience, and consequently of his reason. This always makes bad work, and is a sin against God, because it rejects the burden of thought, which if borne patiently would soon cause to disappear our hereditary stupidities. Yet it seems to me that that man is but a comparative clod—whatever may be his scientific attainments—who has not perceived that no good thing, no true thing, no beautiful thing, comes from himself, but that he rather stands in the way of all these."

"The Bible is a book of inspiration. It is the story of the progress of the human soul. Every man's experience is there."

"The potency of being in you is body, soul, and spirit; in matter, it is length, breadth, and thickness; in God, it is love, operation, and use: they always act in one form, and always must be in one form."

"The tendency is to look upon God as something abstract, and not as a being who gives life and bestows the consciousness of personality. God is the only real personality. When we are conscious of personality, we are conscious of God, who acts in and through what He has created."

"The evidence of immortality is that man believes in immortality. I can conceive of creation only as something produced in every moment of time from its first cause, God, of whose act I am conscious. As I am a point conscious of this movement of the Infinite Being, I can not cease to exist; for my consciousness forms a point of that infinite movement. Therefore my consciousness must be infinitely continuous, as the movement of the Infinite is infinitely continuous. This is the argument intellectual, though to me it is of small importance. The consciousness of immortality is wrapped up in all the experiences of my life, and this to me is the end of the argument. The other is simply a piece of ratiocination that has occurred to my mind at times—a sort of sky-rocket."

"When we know how imperfect the human eye is when compared with the eyes of some insects, although it is so wonderful, why should we undertake to say that states do not exist of which we have no physical perception, and can have none? Why could not we exist in a subtle condition imperceptible to sense?"

"'God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.' That is my creed, and it covers the whole ground."

"Jesus is the Divine love and wisdom represented in human form."

"To be afraid of truth is to be a fool. To deny common-sense is to assume an ass's burden—though many persons do so in the hope of reward here or hereafter."

V.

From theology to metaphysics, also, the passage is easy; and Inness is a metaphysician too. I have seen pounds of manuscript in his handwriting, which one of these days may be known to book-buyers as *The Mathematics of Psychology*—a contribution to the philosophy of numbers, which, as Inness treats it, is a veritable *scientia scientiarum*. "Before my first trip to Europe," he said, one afternoon, "I became impressed with an idea of the significance of numbers, and worked at it for two years, till I reached number six. Then I got blocked. In Rome I picked it up again, and went on." In this treatise he demonstrates that number one stands for or represents the infinite; that number two represents conjunction; that number three represents potency; that number four represents substance; that number five represents germination; that number six represents material condition, etc. The treatise is necessarily fragmentary. Its principles could be carried into the hundred thousands were human life long enough. Each successive step involves a distinct and laborious demonstration. The two passages about to be quoted are simply comparatively unimportant side issues, in refutation of the doctrine of evolution, and of a dogma of John Stuart Mill's:

"No class or function can merge into another class or function. We find no cow which is at the same time a horse, no beast which is at the same time a rational being; for although men may become so degraded as almost to lose the semblance of humanity, man and beast are still distinct ideas fixed in the mind as differences of function. Consequently, scientists have been unable to distinguish precisely the boundary between animal and vegetable life, having changed their opinions many times, and this because animal and vegetable are fixed ideas of function, and can not be measured by ideas of things. We may extend our ideas of function indefinitely, but it remains function still; all that we can do is to classify the various functions themselves. One person may call a certain animal a sheep; another may call it a kind of goat. Still it remains to each person what it appears to each. In one person's mind the idea of sheep may be contracted; in another person's mind the idea of goat may be extended; but no argument can prove a sheep to be a goat, nor can any science show the point where one species becomes another. Manhood is the true standard of life and of its functions, yet nothing has manhood but man; and what differentiates him from every other species is his capacity to receive life in an intellectual form, as truth, by which he can rise from the closest semblance of the brute to the highest realm of reason. The brute, on the contrary, must remain a brute from generation to generation. An ape could be endowed with this capacity to receive truth only by a distinct act of creative power. He could never get it from another ape."

"Whately says that reasoning from generals to particulars is not a special mode of reasoning, but the mode in which all men reason, and must reason if they reason at all. Mill, on the other hand, denies this position, and asserts that not only may we reason from particulars, but that we are perpetually doing so. The child, he says, who, having burned his fingers, refrains from thrusting them into the fire again, has reasoned or inferred, though he has never thought of the general maxim, 'Fire burns.' He knows from memory that he has been burned, and on this evidence believes when he sees a candle that if he puts his finger into its flame he will be burned. In this process, continues Mill, he is not generalizing, however; he is simply inferring a particular from particulars. In the same way brutes reason, says Mill. Now it is evident that Whately and Mill are using the term 'reason' in different senses, Whately meaning by it the power of ratiocination, or arguing from cause to effect—a power possible only where there is conscious thought concerning effects—but Mill including in it the instinct of self-protection, which man possesses in common with the brute. It is unfortunate for Mr. Mill's position that the word 'instinct' has been used to explain such acts of self-preservation. If instinct and reason are one, whence arose the necessity for two distinct words? Do these not stand for distinct conceptions? If a man supposes, with Mill, that he can reason from a particular to a particular, let him try it. Let him try to reason from a horse to a lamp-post. The case is simple. The two words are necessary, because they denote two different modes in which life manifests itself as a discretive power, that is, a power producing distinct states. One of these modes is animal instinct, which is the basis of all affectional or emotional life; the other is a spiritual principle, or the rational faculty. Now the power of acting contrary to the animal instinct is the prerogative of man alone. It is not found in the brute, nor in man's own animal nature. It comes from the human will; and the intellectual or passive exercise of the will we call reason, by the use of which we make the passage from cause to effect. But the brute has only an active exercise of desire and its instinctive perceptions. To call this reason is to confound terms. No instance can be found where a brute, however much it may have seemed to exercise powers of reasoning, ever really acted contrary to the dictates of its affectional instincts."

A late writer, after showing that Turner wrote ambitiously very miserable poetry, and talked—outside of professional topics—very shallowly, concludes that the artistic faculty is, so to speak, an exclusive faculty, existing unaccompanied by any extraordinary manifestations of other great faculties. He seems to think that Turner's case proves the proposition. But Leonardo da Vinci was a great inventor, architect, sculptor, engineer, and scientist, as well as a great painter; and Michael Angelo was a great anatomist, mechanician, architect, painter, and poet, as well as a great sculptor. I was not surprised, therefore, one Sunday afternoon, after Inness had been trying to arrange some of the scattered, confused, disordered sheets of his *Mathematics of Psychology*, so that he might read aloud a passage or two, to observe his enthusiasm on the subject, and to hear him exclaim: "Years ago, if I had only had money, and hadn't had to paint, I should have got into a lot of all this kind of thing." Passionate as is his fondness for painting, he is most passionately of all a metaphysician. If the *Mathematics of Psychology* ever see the light, the folios of the schoolmen will seem more trivial than ever.

VI.

Here is a short, swift biography which Mr. Inness gave of himself one evening: "Born at Newburgh, New York, May 1, 1825; brought to New York city in a basket when a baby; lived in Greene Street and Centre Street till six or seven years old; went to Newark, and staid there till fifteenth year; returned to New York city; art-life began at almost any time; always drew a little bit, and fiddled along from one thing to another; studied engraving with Sherman & Smith, of New York, off and on for two years; gradually began to paint; sick during the whole of early life; couldn't stand the pressure of being stuck fast; three trips to Europe; admired Rousseau more than any other landscape painter, though saw few of his works"—a narrative recited by jerks, and impatiently, as if not worth the telling. Inness's landscapes, varied though they be in motive and technique, are always the faithful records of pictorial impressions received from nature by a mind of unusual endowment, cultivation, and sensitiveness. They tell what the artist feels rather than what he sees; and in victory over sunlight and local tone, in translucency and splendor of aerial lights, in breadth and grouping of cloud masses, in subordination of the subject to the expression of the sentiment, in fullness and glory of color, in eloquence serene or impassioned that is nourished only by noble thought, in simplicity and suggestiveness, many of them belong to the category of supreme achievements of landscape art. Certainly his landscape in the Northwest Room leads all the other landscapes of the present Academy Exhibition.

G. W. Sheldon.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "From Exile," "Under One Roof," "Walter's Word," "Won—not Wooed," "What He Cost Her," etc.

CHAPTER LI.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

"What a night it has been, Nannie!" exclaimed Clare, as she met her hostess at the breakfast table on the morning after the storm. "I now know what it means by 'blowing great guns.' Though I sleep on the other side of the house, I really thought sometimes that the roaring of the wind was cannon."

"My dear Clare, it *was* cannon," replied Miss Darrell, gravely. "Those were ship guns you heard; there has been a wreck in the night."

"A wreck! Good heavens! Where?" And she strained her eyes to seaward. Nothing but flying foam and broken water were visible, with dark gray clouds above, hurrying before the wind like a beaten host.

"It was on Sumpter's Reef, but it is not there now. The vessel has gone to pieces."

"What! and all hands lost? Could nothing be done? *Can* nothing be done? Where is Herbert?"

"He has now been out-of-doors three hours, with the coast-guard and the life-boat men."

"Oh, why did you not tell me?" she answered, wildly. "I must go at once. He will surely, surely never venture out to sea on a morning like this?"

"Sit down, sit down, my darling. Herbert is quite safe. I have just seen him."

"But where is he? Oh, Nannie, you are not deceiving me?"

Her fine face, so bright and pure, and instinct with intelligence, had become a picture of alarm and horror.

"No, darling, I am telling you the truth. Herbert is gone to the shore again, where you must not go. It is strewn with—oh, terrible things."

"Alas! alas! Where is poor Rachel? Her child is ill, and she is quite unstrung. Don't let her know of this."

"She does know of it. She is gone with Herbert."

"Oh, how cruel! Why did he let her go?"

"My darling, it was necessary. Her testimony was needful—while it could be given—in a matter of identification. Shocking as it is to have to say it, what has happened will set her mind at ease. That lost ship was the *Phœnix*—"

"Good heavens! then Gerald—"

Clare sat down, unable to finish the sentence. It seemed so terrible that her own father's son, albeit so unlike a brother to her, should have been thus cut off. For a moment he appeared to her as a child again—in black velvet, with red ribbons, sitting on his father's knee—all happiness and innocence. Oh, why—oh, why was he not taken then?

"Yes, darling, Gerald is dead. It is a sad story, and a very strange one. The life-boat, which has saved scores of those unhappy people, was indirectly his destruction. They came upon a boat bottom upward, and heard a voice from beneath it; he was somehow kept alive and afloat by the imprisoned air, and the men, not understanding this, smashed the bottom in to release him, whereupon the air rushed out, and the boat went down with him, and he was drowned. Two hours afterward the boat was cast ashore, with the body still within it. It was tied there."

After a moment or two Clare gently murmured: "How I pity poor Rachel! for, after all, he was her husband. What did she say when they told her what had happened?"

"My dear, she said, 'Thank God.' It may be shocking, but it was only natural. He was coming, as she thought, to persecute her, and perhaps ill-treat her child, who lies between life and death. I can not blame her."

"I wonder she could bear to look at him, Nannie, with such feelings in her heart."

"It was very trying to her, no doubt, but, as I have said, it was necessary. Indeed, she wished it herself."

"Wished it? Good heavens! Why did she wish it?"

"To make sure."

To the very last, as Miss Darrell indignantly observed to Fluff in confidence, Gerald made himself disagreeable, for his death delayed Clare's marriage for some months. But it took place next spring at Bellingham Park church, where Miss Darrell's pew was now thoroughly furnished. Mr. Roden always spoke of the wedding breakfast as the most perfect thing of the kind in his experience. "You know what wedding breakfasts usually are, and how they play the deuce with one's liver; well, for this one I never felt a penny the worse." Pecuniarily this might easily have been the case, as his present to the bride consisted of an ancient piece of jewelry that had belonged to her grandmother. The true value of such things, he observed, lay in their associations.

"As to the bridegroom," as Mr. Roden happily remarked at the marriage feast, "I have given him to-day a gift beyond price—my own beloved niece." Here he was affected to tears. "I have known her, to borrow the beautiful words of the Service we have all heard to-day, in sickness and in health, in prosperity and—well, in circumstances to which, perhaps, I may be permitted to apply the familiar but graphic expression, 'ticklish.' What I especially admire her for, next to her goodness and beauty, and beyond all her many accomplishments, is the good sense which she exhibited under those circumstances. She took a view of her pecuniary position diametrically opposite to that of her eminent legal adviser (who I am happy to see here present, Mr. Newcastle), and, I am bound to say, not altogether in accordance with my own. But not a spark of irritation glows in my bosom upon that account. Without going to the unnecessary extent of saying I was wrong, I confess that our dear Clare was right. Acting under a strong sense of duty—which never misleads us, my friends, though sometimes it has such an appearance of doing so as may well produce hesitation—she withstood the temptation of asserting her legal claim to what seemed something more than a competency, and in point of fact came down in the world several steps. And now that the wheel of time has brought about its revenges, what do we see? We see our dear Clare united to an engineer of great promise; one for whom I myself once ventured to predict a brilliant future, though perhaps he may have forgotten the circumstance—it was when I first saw him, in his professional garb, at Coalborough; a man of European, or at all events metropolitan, reputation; whereas the person to whom Clare on that occasion surrendered her rights, and whom from motives of delicacy I forbear to name, is at this present moment, as I understand, reduced from his once proud position to that of custodian of his own museum at Stokeville. A more melancholy situation—for I have been in that museum—it is impossible for the imagination to picture. Let us leave the unhappy theme. I have risen, as you know, to propose the health of the interesting young couple whom we see before us. Forgive me if my feelings prevent me from appropriately fulfilling my task. I have known dear Gerald—I mean Herbert—for only a limited number of years, but I know enough of him to congratulate our sweet Clare on her first and only love—that is to say," explained Mr. Roden, a gleam of recollection suddenly exhibiting Mr. Percy Fibbert to his mental view, and filling him with perturbation—"that is to say, her first and only *true* love, all others (to borrow a homely but familiar phrase) being imitation. I will not detain you with the fulsome eulogies only too common on such occasions as the present. I know all under this roof will join with me from their hearts in the sentiment I am about to utter— Curse that cat!"

It was most unfortunate, but just at the very climax of Mr. Augustus Roden's peroration, and as he drooped his head in graceful tribute to the virtues he had refrained from extolling, Fluff, perceiving the table-land afforded by his bent shoulders, leaped upon them, with this amazing result. The speech was spoiled; and had it not been for the immediate application of a glass of Miss Darrell's unapproachable curaçoa (a gift from her old pupil, Miss Gurgle, of Guzzle & Gurgle, the great liqueur purveyors), Mr. Roden's temper would have shared the same fate. As it was, he soon recovered himself, and presently bade the young couple farewell with affectionate enthusiasm, wringing Herbert's hand in the passage, and imploring him (fortunately, in a whisper, for he addressed him as "Dear Percy") not to forget that he, Augustus Roden, was his uncle as well as Clare's.

The wedding speech had its consequences (indeed, what human utterance, however foolish, can we say has not?) and bore fruits.

When Clare came back from her honey-moon, looking the picture of happiness, and years younger since that terrible day at Stokeville when she found love and hope had built their home on a quicksand, she took Nannie into her confidence concerning her future.

"You must not be surprised, darling, if we are less ambitious in our choice of a house than our means would seem to warrant, for the fact is, Herbert has made a great sacrifice for my sake."

"The object was worth it, at all events, whatever it cost him," replied the old lady, fondly. "Why should you take any house? Why not live with me? Oh, Clare, I have missed you so!"

"You old darling. We will take care to pitch our tent quite close to you; only it must be a very tiny one."

"Ah! you have been running him into extravagances, have you? Well, you must have some fault, though I never found it out. You have persuaded him to keep a carriage and two footmen in powder."

"Don't laugh, Nannie; it is a very serious matter. Most husbands would have refused to do it, and have been very angry."

"How nice this is!" exclaimed Miss Darrell. "The confidence and simplicity of a bride are certainly very touching. How much you must know about 'most husbands'! However, I do believe Herbert will be above the average, or, at all events, be no worse than the rest."

"You wicked woman! He is ten thousand times better than any one of them. Now listen. Do you recollect what happened at our wedding breakfast?"

"Of course I do—how your uncle Roden frightened my poor Fluff."

"I don't mean that—and indeed what I remember of it was quite the other way—but what he said that morning about my common-sense. What he meant was that if I had treated poor Gerald's story as an invention—as you all believed it to be—my estate would have become answerable for the debts of the firm."

"Yes, as it happened, the wretches fell into the pit that they had digged for another, as the Psalmist says. A consideration that is exceedingly soothing to me."

"But poor Sir Peter did not dig the pit. And think of his having nothing to live upon but his salary as paid custodian of his own museum!"

"At all events it is a capital appointment in the way of fitness," observed the old lady, implacably. "He knows more about that museum than any one else."

"Oh, Nannie, for shame! In your heart of hearts you pity him very much, I am sure. For though he was reckless and speculative, he did not deserve to be ruined. And it seems he did pay everything, and satisfied all his creditors."

"Not till they got hold of the money he had settled on his daughter."

"Well, that went too, which is another reason why we should feel very, very sorry for him. Now, Nannie, I felt all along that poor Gerald was telling us a falsehood. Only, for dear papa's sake, I would not defend myself."

"I know that, of course; you gave in very weakly to a couple of scoundrels. It has all ended fortunately enough; but I didn't agree with Mr. Roden's eulogies on your common-sense."

"But it has *not* ended, Nannie. I feel that all the money I have of my own is legally poor Sir Peter's, and at my request dear Herbert has made it over to him. He has given it all up to satisfy his wife's scruples."

"Bless the man! do you mean to say he has given away that ten thousand pounds a second time?"

"A second time? How a second time?"

"Why, having given it to you first, he now permits you to give it to somebody else. That's a second time, isn't it? Why, goodness gracious, Clare! do you mean to say that Herbert has never told you *even yet* that that ten thousand pounds of yours was really his? That he caused his own little fortune to be made over to you—though there seemed at that time no hope of your ever becoming his wife—in order that you might not have the ills of poverty to bear in addition to your other afflictions? Don't you know that there was nothing left at all out of your father's estate when his debts were paid?"

"I know nothing except what Mr. Oldcastle told me."

"And you trusted a lawyer to tell you the truth, did you? There—there, don't sob like that, or I shall get into a dreadful scrape with Herbert. Of course, I thought he'd told you himself. He said he would never do so before marriage, so I took it for granted that he meant to make a clean breast of it afterward. Husbands have generally much worse things to confess. Yes, yes; he, as you say, is a perfect angel—anything you like. Only don't cry. What eyelids you'll have! Men hate red eyelids, and all will be laid at my door." With much difficulty she pacified Clare, for the shock of finding how good her husband had been to her affected her almost as much as the shock that wives sometimes have to bear of another kind in connection with their husbands' secrets.

Even if she would have had him repent of his generosity, however (which he would certainly never have done), it was now too late. A letter had come from Sir Peter that very morning acknowledging Herbert's liberality in very fitting terms. His misfortunes had humbled him, and this unexpected generosity had touched his heart. What pleased Clare most was the expression of his intention (in answer to an appeal she had made to him on that subject) to let by-gones be by-gones as respected his daughter, with whom since her ill-starred marriage he had held no communication; while she on her part was willing enough to leave the boarding-house where she had taken up her quarters, and return to the comfortable home that her father now had to offer her.

"How differently had everything turned out," as Herbert was wont to say, in talking of the past, "to every one's expectations! How Sir Peter had toiled and moiled in accordance with that motto of his, 'For Cash Only,' and swelled with prosperity, and burst! How poor Mr. Lyster had fretted himself to fiddle-strings, and fought to the very death with Nature herself for the same end, and in gaining the victory, as he had fondly imagined, had suffered defeat! Was it worth while for men to lay their plans for wealth so far in advance, and to spend all their days in getting, or to make themselves miserable lest they should lose it, when, with a turn of Fortune's wheel, all is topsy-turvy?"

For his part, Herbert took what the gods provided him (and they provided him abundantly) with thankfulness, and spent it prudently, but with no niggard hand. He was not one of those who deny themselves and those belonging to them all the pleasures of life in order on their death-beds to gloat over a huge balance in their banker's book. His greatest happiness was in making his wife happy, and this he enjoyed continually; after that came his inventions, of which there is no need here to speak particularly: are they not written in the records of the Patent-office, where they occupy folios?

"I do believe," Miss Darrell was wont to say, "that Clare Newton is the happiest wife in England; but then, to be sure," she added, cautiously, "one never knows."

But this was before Clare was a mother; after which Miss Darrell withdrew even that slight reservation.

As to Percy, he has borne his wife's departure from him with great philosophy, nor is he likely, since she has no property of her own, to molest her in the future. The last news of him was that he had taken up that profession for which he had always had so great a predilection, namely, "the Turf."

His proceedings there, as Herbert privately informed Miss Darrell (he never spoke of him to Clare), in answer to an inquiry concerning him, were not very satisfactory, judged even by a Turf standard: "They say, indeed, he has become a 'welsher.'"

"Dear me!" sighed Miss Darrell, who, though she had been a school-mistress, did not know everything, "how curious! I suppose he has changed his nationality to avoid recognition."

THE END.

LITTLE MRS. WILLIE.

One summer of my fifty-five
  I find in Mem'ry's pages
As bright as though it had not been
  Enshrined for many ages.
It passed (I was a sturdy chap,
  Whose years scarce numbered seven)
At an old farm-house on a hill
  That seemed to me near heaven.
And there a tiny maiden lived
  Who had been christened Millie;
But when we met and loved, they called
  Her little Mrs. Willie.

Oh, what a cunning tot she was,
  As sweet as ripest berries,
With blue-gray eyes, and dimpled chin,
  And cheeks as red as cherries!
Among her tangled curls the gold
  Of sun was wont to linger,
And ring of gold, a mite, she wore—
  My gift—on one small finger.
And every morning early I
  A rose, or pink, or lily,
To fasten in her pinafore,
  Brought little Mrs. Willie.

And through the daisied fields and lanes,
  When it was pleasant weather,
As gay as birds, hand clasped in hand,
  We'd wander oft together;
Or by the sparkling brook we'd sit,
  And watch the shining fishes;
Or play beneath the old oak-trees,
  With acorn cups and dishes.
And did a cloud obscure the sky,
  And make the air grow chilly,
Off came my jacket to inwrap
  Dear little Mrs. Willie.

And when the pale moon rose, and in
  The west the sun descended,
And katydids sang loud to tell
  The happy day was ended,
We ling'ring kissed, and slowly said
  Good-night in tones of sorrow;
Then whispered, with a sudden light
  In sleepy eyes, "To-morrow!"
And I could hear her pray, the nights
  Were there so calm and stilly,
"Bless Willie!" and in turn I prayed,
  "Bless little Mrs. Willie!"

September came. The maple leaves
  Were turning when we parted.
She wept, but I kept back my tears,
  Though just as broken-hearted.
Of course we thought to meet again,
  But met again, ah! never;
The good-by said that autumn morn
  Was good-by said forever.
But many times in dreams I've heard
  The crickets chirping shrilly,
While I have roamed "up hill, down dale,"
  With little Mrs. Willie.

Yes! of my summers fifty-five
  The one that made me seven,
Spent in the farm-house on the hill
  That seemed so near to heaven,
Was far the brightest. And the love
  We children gave each other,
So true, so pure, I'm very sure
  We never gave another.
And even now on rose-sweet nights
  (Perchance it may be silly,
For she must be quite fifty-three)
I to my prayers add fervently,
  "Bless little Mrs. Willie!"

Margaret Eytinge.

FRANCES HALLIDAY'S WEDDING.

How Cupid managed to send Stephen Barker after me I never could find out; but that is between themselves, and is none of my business. A man good enough for Elizabeth and Janet, and all such ornaments to their sex, to lay his honest heart at my foolish little feet! I own that for a day or two the honor almost turned my head.

Then I began to consider. I had loved Norman Strong ever since I could remember, and Norman had been my friend when no one else said a kind word to me. The case stood thus: I was an orphan, left to the care of an uncle and aunt remarkable for that kind of propriety that wins our admiration, and awakens our hearty desire to get away from it. I had a small fortune of $25,000; that is, I was to have it, if I remained unmarried until I was thirty-five, or if I married previously with my uncle's approval.

Now uncle did not approve of Norman. In fact, uncle never approved of any one that I liked. But with Stephen Barker disapproval was out of the question. Stephen was the great man and the good man of our small town. To have insinuated that Stephen was not worthy of a saint, a beauty, and an heiress united, would have been a heresy seriously affecting my uncle's social and commercial standing. Stephen Barker's offer was therefore accepted, and the next Sunday we walked to church together.

After this public avowal of our intentions, the marriage was considered inevitable by every person but me. I must do myself the justice to state that I never regarded my engagement to Stephen seriously; it was part of a plan to secure my happiness and rights. And as Stephen fully coincided in it, I do not expect censure from any one else.

I think it was no later than the third night after Stephen had spoken to my uncle that I frankly told him I thought I ought not to marry him. He asked me why; and I said: "All my life long, Stephen, I have been such a crushed, unhappy girl. I have been afraid to speak, or laugh, or sing, and no one but Norman Strong ever said a kind word to me until you came."

"And you love Norman?" he asked, bluntly.

So I answered, "Yes, I love him, and he loves me, and when he got the position of cashier in your bank, he wanted to marry me; but uncle said we were neither of us to be trusted with my $25,000."

"So you have $25,000?"

"Papa left me that much; but Uncle Miles can keep it until I am thirty-five, unless I marry to please him, or unless he is so satisfied of my good sense that he voluntarily gives it up to me. He will never do that."

Stephen was silent a long time, and then he said, a little sadly: "You are a good girl to be so honest with me. If your uncle could be made to give up your little fortune, do you think you could use it wisely?"

"I could—with Norman to help me."

Then we had a long conversation, which it is not necessary for me to repeat; it will be understood by what follows. There was no change apparent between Stephen and I. He behaved exactly as a lover of his age and character would be likely to behave. He sent aunt presents from his hot-houses, and he made me presents of pretty jewelry. He spent the evenings at Uncle Miles's house, and sometimes we were left alone together, and sometimes we went out for a walk. Norman came to see us occasionally on a Sunday night, and my aunt said he had really behaved with more good sense than she expected. I think she thought that if I married the banker, it might not be a bad thing for my cousin Malvina, who was very plain, to marry the banker's cashier.

Everything went on with the greatest propriety. I had announced my intention to have an extraordinary trousseau, and this being a point on which aunt could feel with me, the next four months were pleasantly spent in shopping and sewing. Never in our little town had there been seen such dozens of elegantly trimmed under-garments, such lingerie, such hosiery, such morning dresses and evening costumes, such wonderful boots and slippers and jewelry. We held little receptions every afternoon a month before the wedding, and my wardrobe was laid out in the best bedroom for comment and inspection.

It was about this time that Stephen Barker said to uncle: "I understand Frances has $25,000. I wish her to have it so settled on herself, and for her own absolute use, that I propose, Mr. Miles, if you are willing, to add $10,000 to it, and buy for her the Stamford estate. It is only three miles from here, the house is a very fine one, the land excellent, and then, whatever changes come, it secures her a competency, for as soon as the railway is finished it will be worth double. What do you say?"

"I think your offer extremely generous, Mr. Barker and, of course, for such a purpose, I am willing to hand over to you at once Frances's fortune. The interest has been applied to her own use always. Will you look at the accounts?"

"Your word is sufficient, Mr. Miles."

So in about two weeks the transfer was safely and amicably effected, and Stamford Hall and estate were firmly and surely made over to Frances Halliday, spinster, for her and her heirs forever. I must state here that I opposed as strongly as I thought right Stephen's gift of $10,000, and his subsequent outlay of $1000 on furniture, but both uncle and aunt said that the settlement was small enough for a man of his means, and that it would be affectation to oppose it. And really Stephen managed the whole affair with such fatherly kindness and thoughtfulness that I could not bear to oppose him.

At length the wedding day drew near. It had been arranged for Wednesday morning, and we were to leave for New York immediately after the ceremony. Cousin Jose, who had prepared himself to look down on all the world from the pulpit, was to perform the ceremony. This showed in Jose a very Christian spirit, seeing that he had once looked on me and my $25,000 with affection, and I had not appreciated the honor. However, he forgave me at this interesting epoch, and came benignly to bless my venture. He brought me as a present a black onyx seal ring, on which was set a cross in seed-pearls. He had offered me it once before, with his affections and his manse, and I had then refused it. I took it this time.

It helped to swell the list of my presents, and they certainly made a goodly show. First there was the Stamford estate from my father and Stephen Barker, and the settled bills for $1000 worth of new furniture which Stephen had sent to make the old rooms pretty and comfortable. Uncle gave me a set of silver, and aunt some fine china, both of which gifts I took care to send to Stamford before my wedding day. My cousins and aunts and friends gave me all sorts of jewelry and pretty personal knickknacks, and these I carefully packed in the half-dozen trunks which were already corded and directed two days before the marriage day.

For Stephen had proposed to send all my trunks to our New York hotel two days before we left, in order that we might have no concern about them, and that I might be sure to have all I wanted on my arrival. I opposed this plan at first, but aunt said "it was eminently proper and thoughtful." So all my wardrobe except my wedding dress and a travelling suit arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, on the last day of my maiden life.

Norman Strong called that night, and was in remarkably high spirits. He wished me every happiness, and was very attentive to Malvina. Aunt thought his behavior charming—so unselfish—and I was also very well satisfied with it.

"I shall call you about eight o'clock, Frances," said my aunt, as I bade her good-night; "the hair-dresser comes at half past eight."

I said, "Very well, aunt," and went to my room. The first thing I did was to pack my wedding dress in as small compass as possible, and then put on my travelling costume. This done, I sat down in the dark. About one o'clock I heard the signal I watched for. I went softly down stairs, unlocked the back door, and walked out. Norman was there. We did not speak until we were outside the grounds. There a buggy waited, and we drove rapidly to a main line about three miles off. Here we caught the two-o'clock express, and were safe in New York and very respectably married by ten o'clock. My trunks, which had arrived the day before, were then redirected for Washington, and after a delicious little wedding breakfast—all by ourselves—we left for that city.

In the mean time there was trouble enough in Millford. Our flight was not discovered till near eight o'clock, and then Uncle Miles sent word at once to Stephen Barker, who secluded himself for that day entirely. My aunt and cousin's chagrin and disappointment were very great; in fact, when I considered the amount of condolence and gossip they would have to endure, I felt that for all the slights and scorns of my unloved girlhood I could cry quits. And I had got my fortune also, and Norman and I were so completely happy! We had not a care, for Stephen had given him a $500 bill and a month's holiday, and told us to get all the pleasure we could out of it. We obeyed him implicitly.

During that month things settled down a little. I did not expect to be forgiven all at once, and I was not; but then I was in a position not to worry particularly about it. We returned very quietly, after dark one night, very much like two children who have played truant all day, and creep home at night-fall with as little ostentation as possible.

But at Stamford Hall everything had been prepared for my comfort. The fires were blazing, the gas lighted, and an excellent supper waiting. The next morning Norman went back to his desk, and Stephen took no more notice of his return than if he had never left it. People who had been speculating about his losing his position knew in five minutes that there would be no change. And every one took his tone from Stephen. We were treated very much like two children who had been forgiven, and whose fault was not to be thrown up to them.

That was the way the men took it, and Norman pretended to be satisfied. The women acted with a great deal more intelligence. They all came to see me, and though I did not give them all credit for the very kindest of motives, I made them all welcome. I told them about my wedding trip, and showed them my new things, and I dare say the men talked everything over with them afterward.

But what most puzzled everybody was that Stephen Barker came so often to see us, and was so friendly with Norman. Some thought it very mean-spirited in him, and others remembered that when he was very young he had loved my mother dearly. Even those who spoke kindly of him did not give him credit for half the noble unselfishness he had shown; for he would not let me tell any one that it was he himself who had planned everything about my property and my wedding.

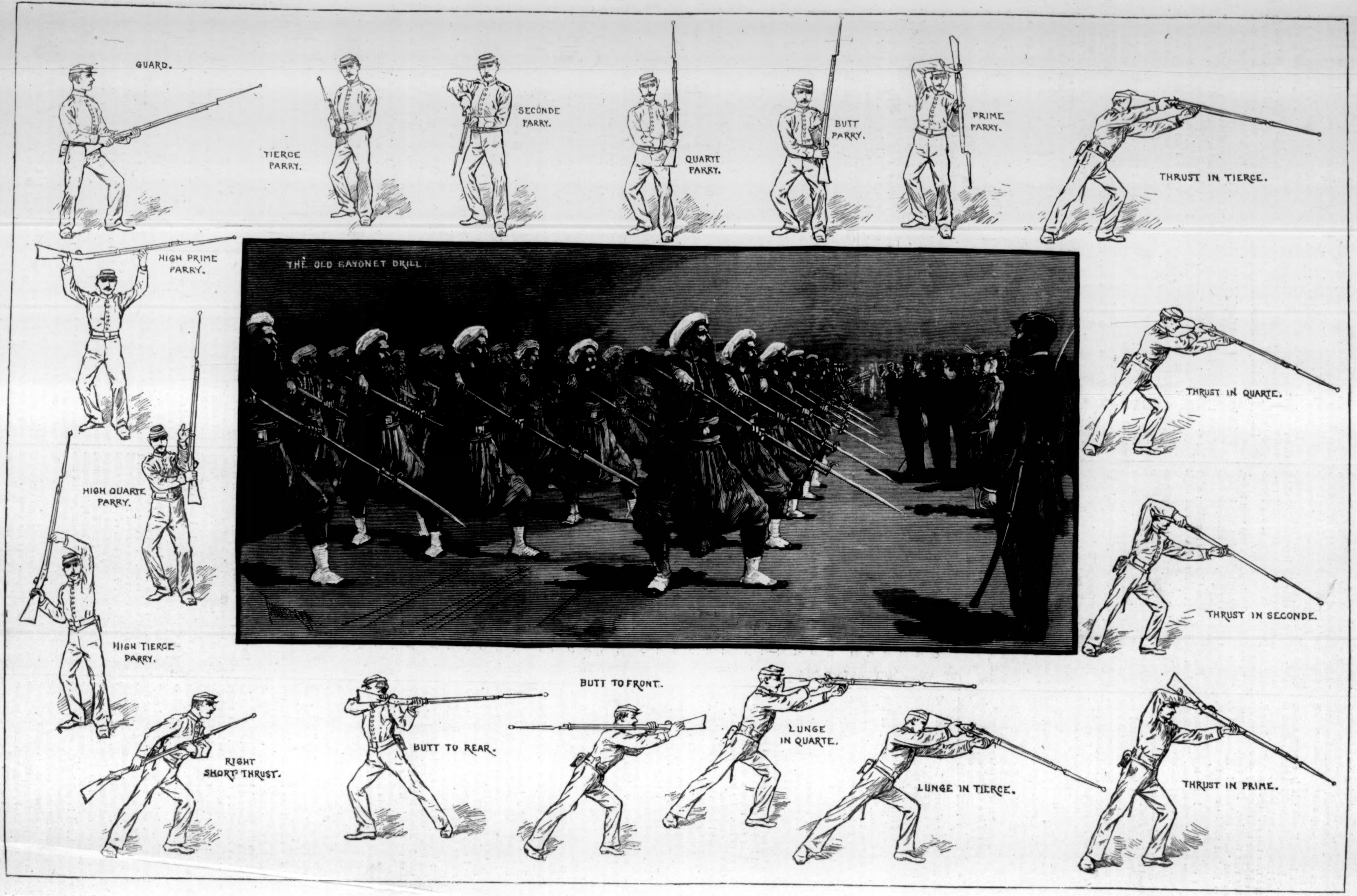
"Just let them say you jilted me, Frances, if they please to do so. We know better, and we will keep our secret until Uncle Miles comes round."

Aunt and uncle both came round sooner than we expected. When it was known that Stephen spent so much of his time with us, Aunt Miles considered the advantages of having her daughters brought familiarly in contact with him, and for their sakes she came to see me and give me the kiss of reconciliation.

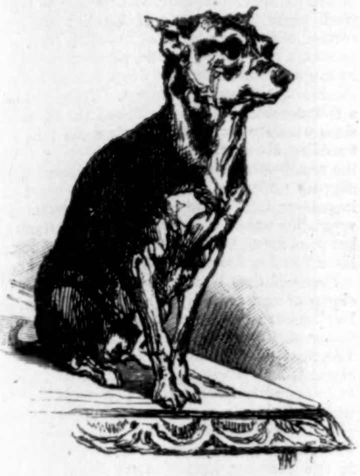
But as far as catching Stephen's heart "in the rebound" was concerned, she was just a little too late. Norman's sister, who was a teacher in one of the public schools of New York, came to spend her vacation with us, and Stephen fell in love with her in a way which convinced me that his love for Frances Halliday had only been the shadow of the love he had for her mother. Why, Norman himself never behaved more foolishly about me than Stephen about this little plain Ruth Strong; for she is plain—every one must allow that.

And the preparations that are going on for the marriage quite amuse me, who might have been the banker's wife myself. Dear me! I think Love must often laugh at the kind of people he comes in contact with. But I hope Stephen will be happy; I do, indeed.

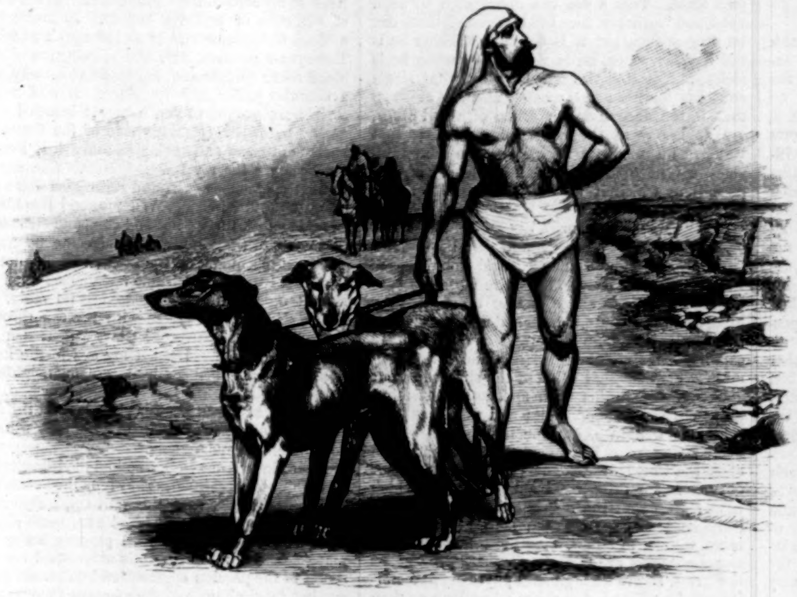
That is all I have to say about my marriage. I think it was rather peculiar. Some women will doubtless say they don't believe such men as Stephen exist. But let a girl when she discovers she does not like a man, tell him so, and ask his advice and help, and ten to one she will find another Stephen. How can men be chivalrous and self-denying if women don't give them opportunities? I think that is wrong, and I intend always to give Norman every chance to cultivate such noble qualities.


GUARD.
TIERCE PARRY.
SECONDE PARRY.
QUARTE PARRY.
BUTT PARRY.
PRIME PARRY.
THRUST IN TIERCE.
HIGH PRIME PARRY.
THE OLD BAYONET DRILL.
THRUST IN QUARTE.
HIGH QUARTE PARRY.
HIGH TIERCE PARRY.
THRUST IN SECONDE.
BUTT TO FRONT.
RIGHT SHORT THRUST.
BUTT TO REAR.
LUNGE IN QUARTE.
LUNGE IN TIERCE.
THRUST IN PRIME.

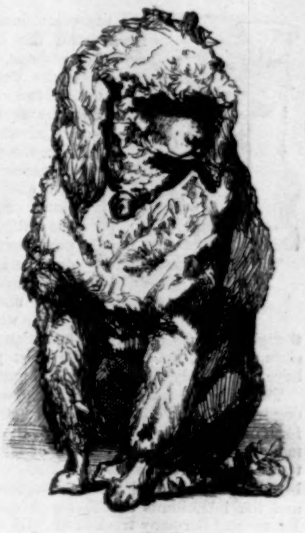
DRILL IN THE BAYONET EXERCISE AT THE NINTH REGIMENT ARMORY.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 253.]



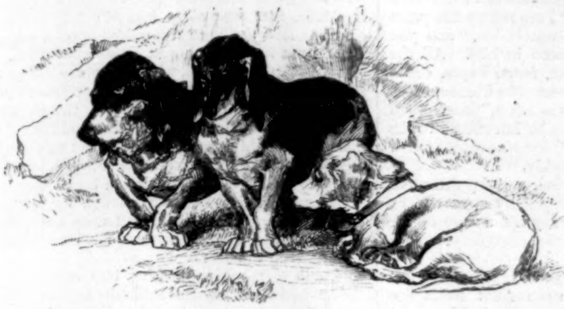
TERRIER.



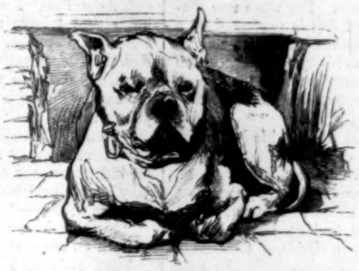
ALGERIAN GREYHOUNDS.



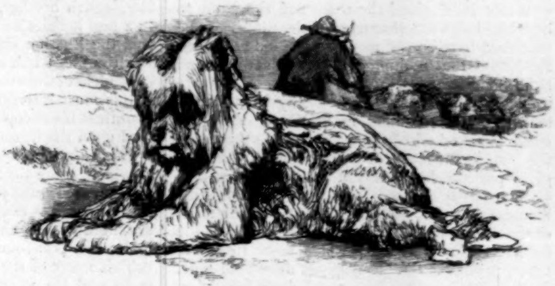
POODLE.



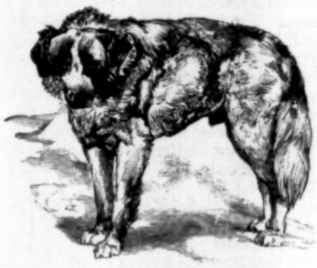
BASSETS.



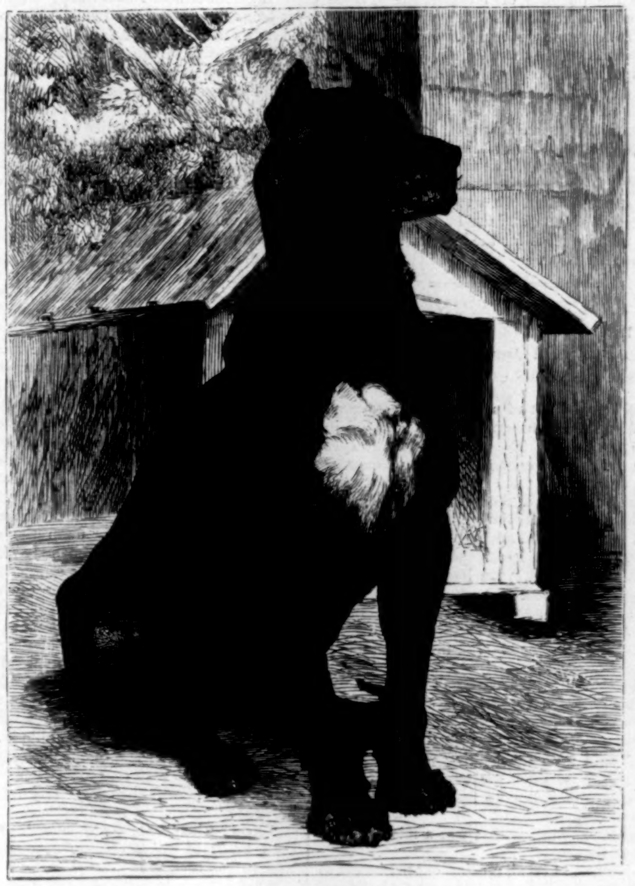
BULL-DOG.



RUSSIAN SHEPHERD DOG.



ST. BERNARD.



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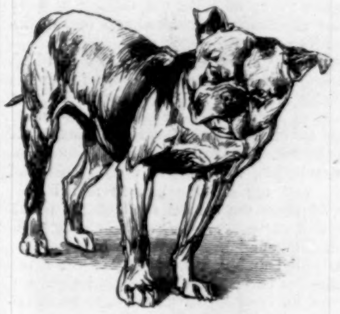

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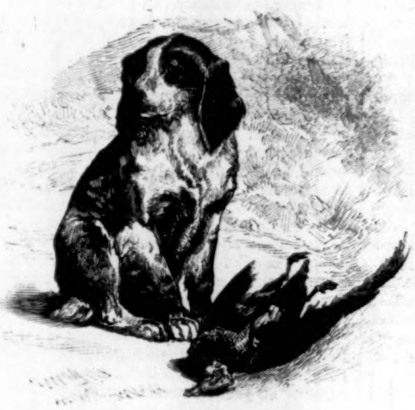

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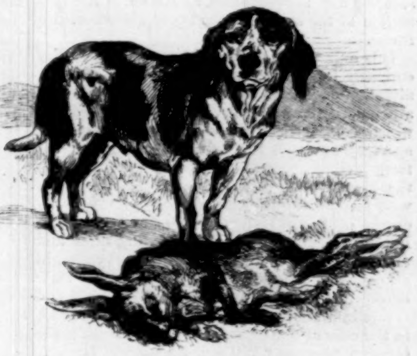
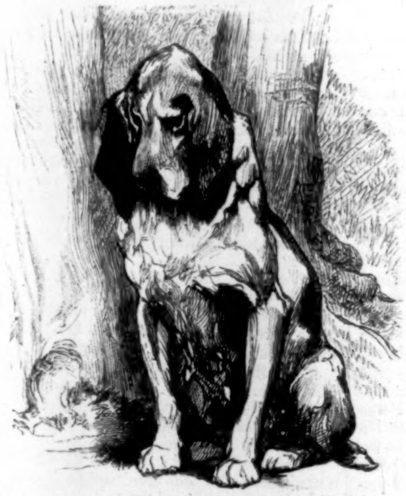
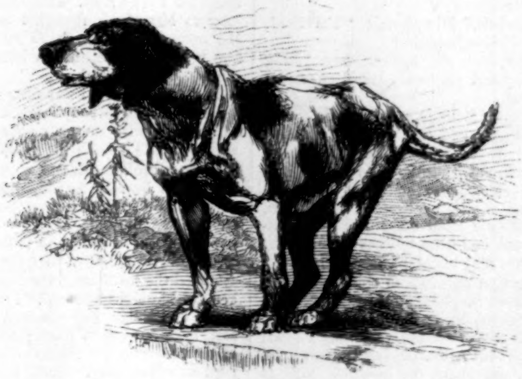


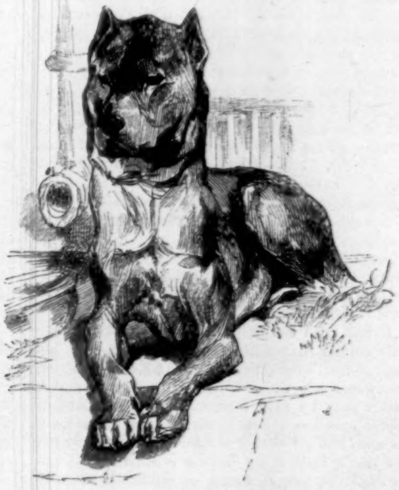
BEAGLE.



VENDEAN BLOOD-HOUND.



BRACHET.



BORDEAUX WOLF-HOUND.

DOGS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES.—[See Page 250.]

DOGS.

LIKE all the other domestic animals (with the single exception, perhaps, of the horse), the dog, as we know him and love him, is among the developments of an advanced civilization, the distinctive tendencies of which are wholly utilitarian. Having no adaptability for the purposes of war, the dog has known his most rapid development among peoples which, although, owing to geographical position and other circumstances, not always the most peaceable, have most highly esteemed the blessings of peace.

The principal agency in the development of the dog has been the chase. Indeed, sport in some form or other may be said to have been the primary motive for the cultivation of all the early types of dogs, from which our modern improved breeds are only variations. The mediæval Briton and the inhabitants of the forest countries of France and Germany tracked the wild boar to its lair with the aid of a hound from which the latest type of blood-hound differs but in a very slight degree.

While in England the nature of the game to be hunted and the character of the country to be traversed have so far modified the old-fashioned fox-hound that nothing but his conically shaped skull, long pendent ears, and tendency to "give tongue" when on the scent betray his relationship to the blood-hound, in France, on the other hand, the survival of the wild boar has preserved the historic St. Hubert's hound almost in its original purity. Every hound in France that lays claim to purity of blood, be he wolf-hound or boar-hound, traces his pedigree to the hunting saint of the Ardennes; but it is in La Vendée that the animal is found which, perhaps more than any other, preserves the peculiarities of the old type. In-breeding, however, has acted prejudicially on both the physical and moral characteristics of the breed, for the Vendean hound (a specimen of which is shown in the engraving on page 249) is described by DU FOUILLOUX as a heavy, soft-skinned, bell-mouthed animal, still preserving its milk-white purity of color, but lacking in those qualities of endurance and courage that distinguished its ancestors.

The number of varieties of hounds in which relationship can be traced to the blood-hound is remarkable, and is a striking example of that tendency to perpetuate their peculiarities which belongs to old and superior races, whether of men or brutes. The fox-hound, and its modification, the beagle, the various wolf-hounds and mastiffs, and the amiable bassets and Dachshunds, all show the conical skull of the blood-hound, and all "give tongue" while hunting. The English fox-hound has been gradually bred for greater speed and less scenting powers; hence its frame has become lighter, its legs longer, and it carries its head higher than its more blood-hound-like ancestor of a generation or two ago. The beagle, on the other hand (more especially those varieties bred in France), still preserves in a great degree those points which indicate keen scenting and slow hunting, as shown in the formation of the skull and the heavy lumber of the frame.

It is only within the past fifteen years that the curiously formed Dachshund has attracted much attention outside of Germany, but it has attained a popularity both in this country and in England, which, considering that it is but little used for sport, speaks well for its domestic virtues. In form it comes close to the French basset, having the blood-hound peculiarities of head, together with great scenting powers, and a peculiar bandiness of the fore-legs. The basset and the Dachshund are, indeed, both hunting dogs and terriers. They find their game, the badger, in his hole, dig him out (for which operation their bandy fore-legs are eminently well suited), and tackle him above-ground with a pluck that has, in the case of one of these dogs, given rise to the German proverb, "Wo ein Dachshund fangt er halt" (Where a Dacshund bites he holds).

If this could be said of the Dachsund, how much more truly might it be said of the bull-dog! The much-vaunted courage of that animal is perhaps the very lowest type of physical courage. He attacks and holds on because he knows no better, and he never knows when he has had enough. In the superior kinds of dogs courage is an admirable quality, because it is engendered by gratitude, devotion, or a sense of duty. These moral qualities, however, are conspicuously lacking in the bull-dog, owing to the brutal nature of the services which he has for generations been bred to perform. His occupation is now gone, but he still has a mission. The only quality which he possesses he has fortunately a remarkable power of transmitting to his progeny through many generations; and when tempered by the nobler instincts of the nobler of his species, the bull-dog's courage becomes, in the third or fourth generation, an attribute which is as desirable to retain as it is difficult to eradicate.

It has been claimed for the dog that it is the only animal that shows a preference for the society of man over that of its own kind. Although its virtues are those which man most admires, yet it may be said that, so high a standard of moral excellence has it reached, its virtues are its own, and its vices are man's. It is surely not the dog's fault if its docility is such that it can as easily be taught wrong as right. With a vicious master it will acquire vice; but so steadfast is its nature that it will cling to a human monster whose bad qualities would repel even his own kind. That a dog can distinguish between good and bad when they are contrasted, there can be no question, but it is doubtful whether he is the happier when he is virtuous or when he is vicious. Possibly the "yaller dorg" that steals chickens for his negro master, and the bull-pup that is the accomplice in crime of a Bill Sikes, are as happy as the noble shepherd dog that watches his master's flock upon the mountain-side—a type of devotion and singleness of purpose than which it would be difficult to find a higher.

The "Ettrick Shepherd" has said of the Scotch collie: "Without the shepherd dog the mountain land of England and Scotland would not be worth sixpence. It would require more hands to manage a flock of sheep, gather them from the hills, force them into houses and fields, and drive them to market, than the profits of the whole are capable of maintaining." High though this estimate is of the actual value of the sheep dog, our dog literature teems with anecdotical evidence that goes far to support it; and what has been said and written about the intelligence of the Scotch dog may be repeated about shepherd dogs the world over. The very nature of their duty calls for those remarkable qualities which have shown that the operations of a dog's mind come nearer to reason than man, his master, is often willing to admit. As the intellectual and moral qualities are alike in shepherd dogs of all countries, so are their general physical characteristics. The Scotch dog wears a heavier coat than his English brother, because his field of labor is in a less hospitable climate. For the same reason, the Russian shepherd dog is protected by a wealth of long hair that makes him at least as independent of the weather as his woolly charges, and if this must interfere somewhat with his speed, doubtless his sheep are not so wild as those that feed upon the Grampian Hills.

It is easy to believe that the two kinds of dogs to which, more than any others, destiny has given the opportunity of rendering to man even greater services than those of the shepherd dog, are more or less closely allied to that noble animal. The Newfoundland and St. Bernard dogs exhibit many of the characteristics of the Scotch collie and his varieties. Moreover, in the case of the St. Bernards, there is a strong presumption that they were originally brought to the Alps for the purpose of tending sheep, since scarcely any other occupation would offer for dogs in a mountainous region. Their grander physique would be the natural result of the lighter duties exacted of them, and of the careful breeding and generous feeding which they would meet with at the hands of the devoted monks. These two last-mentioned breeds, as well as the Scotch shepherd dogs, are all, indeed, varieties of the spaniel, and inasmuch as that most teachable of all dogs, the poodle, is likewise a spaniel, it must be conceded that what the blood-hound is among dogs for scent, and the bull-dog for courage, that the spaniel is for the instinct that closely approaches reason.

AN ILLUSION.

By MRS. FRANK McCARTHY.

"WELL, Bob," said Aunt Deb, "how's Jaffa and Jericho? How are the fellahs and flies and fleas?"

The cold gray light of a November afternoon shone full upon her face, not a whit changed in all these ten years. The snapping black eyes held the old fire for controversy; her iron-gray hair was drawn back from her face without crinkle or curl, and ended in the old knob behind; her brown skin had the familiar red glow; she was thin and muscular, and apparently had not gained or lost an ounce in avoirdupois.

"Aunt Deb," I said, "you look as if ten years ago was the day before yesterday."

"I'm sorry I can't say the same for you, Bob," was her frank reply. "You're getting fat."

"Nonsense, Aunt Deb! It's these abominable wraps."

"And bald—"

"That comes from wearing a turban. I got your message at Beyrout, and steamed home at once."

"Yes," said my aunt, looking me full in the face; "it's about time you gave up that folly. You'll be surprised, Bob, to find it was all a mistake from the beginning."

"A mistake, aunt?—what was a mistake?"

"About Estelle—"

"Hold, aunt!" I cried, putting out my hands to ward off the words that were about to fall from her lips. "If your story is startling, give me time."

"Story! Heaven forbid!" said my aunt. "It all lies in a nutshell; the thing can be explained in three words."

"Don't, Aunt Deb," I implored; "I'm tired, I'm cold, I'm a little miserable."

"You're a fool, Bob, and always were. Ring when you want me." My aunt vanished, and I took a long breath.

Ten years in the East is a long while. One gets used to allegory and finesse, and a slothful leading up to revelation. Here it's presto, change. The veil is withdrawn, leaving one in a shower-bath of consequent emotion. I walked over to the window that overlooked the garden, and with a trembling hand flung back the shutter. A new fence had been built of pine boards, of unusual height and uncompromising solidity; not a tendril or vine relieved its cold blank surface; all the sweet tangle of stem, leaf, and blossom had been swept away, doubtless, years and years ago. Yet it seemed but yesterday I stood there, smoking my matutinal pipe and gazing upon the vine, which was about the loveliest thing to rest the eye upon, until suddenly upon the other side of the fence there was a scrambling, a gentle rustle of drapery, and one little hand was lifted to the top, so slight and small it seemed that of a child, then another, and all at once there lifted itself to my astonished vision the face of a maiden of eighteen or perhaps twenty. It broke into a blush of supreme beauty as her eyes met mine. The eyes were dark, soft, and glowing; and as I stood there spell-bound, the blush died away, and a singular pallor took its place. It was rather startling, perhaps, to find a great bearded man gazing upon her from his side of the fence. I hastened to bow and apologize, and ask if I could do anything for my fair neighbor. She smiled radiantly, blushed again, and scrambled down out of my enraptured vision. Whereupon I also blushed and smiled, turned hot and cold, and still stood gazing upon the vine. But she came no more. The next morning, and the next, and still another morning, I went to the same spot, gazed upon the same tangle of blossoms, smoking no more, but striving in vain to pierce with my eye through the worm-eaten boards. At last a generous orifice offered itself. I glued my eye to the knot-hole, which afforded a fair view of my neighbor's garden path. Somebody had just passed. I waited for her return. Alas! it was not the face I longed to see; it was that of an elderly woman, cold, pale, and melancholy.

I went in to Aunt Deb, who had made my favorite muffins for breakfast. They remained untasted.

"Aunt Deb," I said, "I want to go into society. I want to get acquainted with some people in our neighborhood." And pushing away my plate, I poured into my aunt's astonished ear the secret of the passion engendered by that momentary but fatal glimpse of the adorable face framed by the honeysuckle vine. "I am twenty-five years old, Aunt Deb," I said, in conclusion, "and you know that I have never been in love. All the emotions, vagaries, lunacies, fears, hopes, ecstasies, that men usually fritter away by fragments—"

"Have come to you in the lump," interrupted my aunt, "and you want to be introduced to the young woman next door?"

"Exactly," I replied, meekly.

"There are only the mother and daughter and an old negro woman. They don't appear to be very sociable; but if you say it's a case of life and death, Bob—"

"Nothing less, aunt."

"I'll go there this afternoon."

That evening I hung upon Aunt Deb's lips while she described the house, the furniture, the old lady's dress and demeanor.

"A gloomier hole I never saw," said my aunt; "it looks like a tomb, and smells like one. The old lady's name is Mrs. Noah. I'm of the opinion she's a relative of the gentleman that built the ark, and has always regretted that any of her people were saved at the deluge. She told me plump and plain that she didn't care a button for society or the little amenities of life. I must say I rather respected her settling things in a matter-of-fact way. There's no law compelling people to have friends if they don't want them, and so far as social intercourse goes, she declines it, Bob, unconditionally."

"But the young lady, aunt; did you—"

"I didn't see her, Bob, nor hear of her, except in a brief reply to a direct question of mine. 'She is not my daughter,' said Mrs. Noah; 'she is my niece; she is in delicate health, and does not go into society. Her name is Estelle.'"

"Ah!" I sighed, and was for the moment satisfied. "Estelle," I repeated, over and over again. It was enough just now to live upon. Her name fell from my lips a dozen times a day while I was poring over the musty books at the office, and in the eight hours that I was away from home I had hit upon a dozen different plans for securing the leniency of Mrs. Noah. As I reached my street, a cab before our neighbors' door scattered all my schemes like chaff before the wind. Already I saw the old lady upon the door-steps beckoning impatiently for somebody within. My walk quickened into a giant's stride. I reached my own door just in time to see the veiled and shawled but unmistakable form of Estelle emerge from the house. Her eyes met mine, and even through the envious thickness of the veil I saw once more the roseate flush overspread her beautiful face. I remained motionless and bewildered till every tangible shred of the sweet vision had departed. The house next door was dark and deserted, and I turned so miserable a face upon my aunt, who stood within our doorway, that her own melted into a pitying expression.

"See here, Bob," she said, "why don't you follow her?"

"How? when? where?" I gasped. "We don't even know to which quarter of the globe that woman has carried her."

"Speak for yourself, Bob. My eyes are neither blinded by idiocy nor age. I can see without spectacles, and the card upon the trunk was as plain as print. You can go to Bethlehem by the next train, for I take it the White Mountains don't belong to Mrs. Noah, though I believe she thinks she owns everything that's left from the flood. She ought to have hired a balloon if she wants the line of travel to herself."

Three days after, I was near enough to heaven to believe I had already reached a portion of paradise. I lived sometimes above the clouds, and was fortunate enough for hours together to share this sweet solitude alone with Estelle. Living completely isolated as they did at the old farm-house, no other habitation or people within miles, Estelle was allowed to wander at her own sweet will amid the neighboring paths and glens, Mrs. Noah only stipulating that the country lad who attended the cattle upon the mountain-side should keep within sight and call. I profited by my past bitter experience, and resolved not to make myself known to Mrs. Noah; and in truth I was loath to startle her beautiful niece with too abrupt an appearance. Shall I confess that an inexplicable timidity restrained me; that day after day I followed her, watching her, unseen, my presence utterly unknown to her, yet at times so near that it seemed to me she must hear the throbbing of my heart?

At last a morning dawned upon that wild and magnificent mountain-side more perfect than any I had yet known or dreamed of. The air was indescribably exhilarating, and seemed to lend a fresh vigor to the steps of Estelle; the child seemed to know no fear, but bounded from rock to rock like a young gazelle, pausing at times to look upon with delight and drink in with her eyes the beauty that surrounded her. There had been a thunder-storm in the night, and the mountain-sides were streaming still; little water-falls were tumbling about the rocks, and hastening to join the muddy stream below. The bowlders became slippery under my own feet, and I watched with increasing anxiety the progress of Estelle. The vegetation was rich and profuse, and at times hid her from my sight, but also enabled me to remain but a few feet from her without being seen.

Screened thus by a vigorous and outspreading clump of firs, suddenly I heard a faint cry, and leaping but a few steps forward, I found a white flutter of drapery falling from the height above. The next moment Estelle lay motionless in my arms. She was so white and rigid that I hastened to carry her further down to a cut in the rock, where the sun's rays were tempered by little globules of cold water that fell from a neighboring torrent. Bathing her face and rubbing her hands at this foaming stream, in my fright and anxiety I forgot everything for the moment but that she might not revive. She was so frail and delicate, it seemed but an easy transition for her pure and gentle spirit to free itself from all earthly bonds, and soar away into the neighboring clouds. Had she been a hundred times a saint, I could not have held her in higher veneration.

"It is you!" she said, when she recovered consciousness, and although this little sentence was pregnant with a gentle recognition, though her head was pillowed upon my breast, and her cold little hands held fervently in mine, not an accent escaped my lips to betray the love which surged as wildly as the blustering stream beside us.

We remained there long enough for her to gain strength, gazing mutely out upon the scene before us, which constantly unfolded some new beauty—the minor ranges stretching fold upon fold, one soft outline melting into another, till they were lost in the final sublimity beyond. Estelle's hands were clasped, her lips parted, her eyes fixed upon the exquisite picture. I could not disturb the ecstatic reverie, but gazed upon her with the silent adoration she gave to nature.

The tinkle of cow-bells was heard in the distance; calls of confusion and alarm reached our ears. The boy had evidently become frightened, and sought assistance to search for Estelle. Reluctantly I led her to the plateau of rocks above. Some people were clambering down the distant rocks. Already I saw Mrs. Noah hastening in our direction. The expression of her face was so stern and forbidding, my heart leaped to the venture of a few parting words with Estelle.

"I will come to the farm-house this evening," I said.

"Estelle!" cried Mrs. Noah, in a hoarse, strained voice.

"She calls you," I exclaimed. "Let me also call you from the bottom of my heart. Be true and fond as I will, before Heaven, Estelle. The moments are so precious and so few—Estelle, I love you!"

She was pale and cold and silent. I feared my coarse precipitancy had shocked and repelled her. I was plunged in despair, when suddenly from the fold of her dress one little hand appeared and fluttered toward me. I seized it for a half-second, then let it gently fall, for Mrs. Noah was now within seeing and hearing distance. She thanked me with cold civility for the service I had rendered her niece, but discouraged all further assistance upon my part. Neither did she extend an invitation to call upon them at the farm-house.

Nevertheless, the coldest politeness demanded this attention, and I felt certain that she could do no less than see me, even if she denied Estelle the privilege. I resolved to profit by the opportunity, to throw myself upon her mercy, and confess to her my love for Estelle, my determination to win her at any and every risk.

When the splendor was gathering in the west I climbed the mountain path that led to the farm. I had walked slowly, so that I could gather well together all the arguments, entreaties—if necessary, defiances—that I intended to hurl upon Mrs. Noah. The cow-boy met me at the garden gate.

"They are gone," he said.

"Gone!" I echoed. "Who are gone? Mrs. Noah and—and—"

"The old grim one and the young pretty lady I led about the rocks. They went back to the city an hour ago."

Without a word, I turned my back upon the farm, the cow-boy—even the splendor in the west. It was now plainly apparent that Mrs. Noah fled from me. And why? All the way as I steamed back to the city I pondered and conjectured, cheated myself with hope, or tortured myself with despair. When I burst in upon my aunt—she was making catsup—fully an ounce of cayenne fell into the kettle.

"Heart alive!" she cried, "what brought you back?"

"The same motive that urged my departure. Mrs. Noah has returned!"

"Confusion to Mrs. Noah and all her progeny! She's worse than the Irishman's flea. She's the most unreliable person I ever saw."

"Aunt Deb, I beg of you to instantly call upon Mrs. Noah."

"But I *have* called upon her."

"Call again, Aunt Deb; for the love of Heaven, call again!"

"Bob, you're a fool. You know nothing of the amenities of life. She didn't ask me to call again. She as good as told me not to."

"Aunt Deb, you *must* see her. You *must* tell her I'm in earnest. I'm in love, I'm unhappy, I'm desperate. She distrusts my sincerity; perhaps, after all, it's natural. Aunt Deb, I'm in despair!"

I threw my hat upon the floor, dropped into a chair at the table, and let my head fall upon my hands.

"Chloe," said Aunt Deb, "come here and stir this catsup. If you let it burn while I'm gone, I'll put your head into the boiler. Now, Bob, I'm going to settle things this time. When I return, you'll no longer be at liberty to badger me. I warn you I'll compromise you; I'll tie you up. We'll settle it, Mrs. Noah and I. I'll tell her you're about as good a match as she can expect for her niece. I'll even go so far as to proclaim you my heir."

"God bless you, Aunt Deb, you're an angel! But use your wings—fly, I beseech of you. Every sound I hear I fancy it's the final slam of Mrs. Noah's door."

Aunt Deb disappeared, and presently stood upon the door-sill, arrayed in unusual splendor. "I've girded on my armor in your behalf," she said, pointing to her diamonds.

I resolved to await her return patiently. Her errand was delicate and serious, requiring time and diplomacy. I persuaded myself not to look for her within an hour. In less than ten minutes I heard her key in the door.

"A failure, Bob," she said, shaking her head—"a dead failure! All overtures to matrimony are respectfully but firmly declined. She gave me no particular reasons, thanked me for the honor we proposed to confer upon her, but declined unconditionally. You'll have to give it up."

"Never!" I exclaimed. "Did you see Estelle?"

"I saw nobody but Mrs. Noah, and it was difficult to see her. The back parlor is as much like ours as two peas in a pod; but you wouldn't know it, it's so dismal and mouldy. Some ghastly portraits are on the walls, the fires are not lighted, the trunks are not unpacked; not a breath of air, or light, or gladness penetrates the smallest crevice of the house."

"What did she say, Aunt Deb?"

"Next to nothing, Bob. The old lady's sentences are civil, but condensed. I told her you'd fallen madly in love with her niece, and had reason to believe your passion was moderately requited; that you were a model of perfection as to temperament, tastes, temper, fortune, favor, and faculties; that, added to a modest fortune of your own, you would eventually fall into no inconsiderable one from me. She sat there in grim silence, staring at me like a pagan war-god, getting stonier and more petrified as I went on, and her one reply was, 'Impossible—quite impossible.' I asked her why. She shook her head, still repeating the one word, 'Impossible'; and if you chip into her with a pick, Bob, that's all you'll get out of her."

"Aunt Deb," I exclaimed, "we must think of some other way—and at once. Hark!"

I paused and listened, then rushed to the window. The roll of wheels had stopped next door. My fears were realized. Already the trunks were in the cabman's grasp. Mrs. Noah's dark stern eyes looked from the window. The negro woman seemed to be almost carrying Estelle to the vehicle. In my desperation, I ran into the street, shouting, "Estelle! Estelle!" One little moment her face was turned to me, so remarkable was its pallor, so fixed its expression, that sweet face seemed carved from marble. The negro woman lifted her quickly into the cab, and in the twinkling of an eye it whirled around a neighboring corner. I was left, bare-headed and bewildered, upon the sidewalk.

A few idlers had gathered about me. This nucleus of a crowd seemed a profanation. Stifling my rage and grief, I went in to my aunt, who had witnessed all from the window.

"You see," I exclaimed, "they resort to violence."

"Yes," said my aunt; "there's something wrong there, Bob. Mrs. Noah seems an unpleasant sort of woman to deal with. Better not pursue the acquaintance, my dear boy; give the whole thing up."

"Never!" I cried. "I will take Estelle now by force, if only I can find her."

"Yes," said my aunt. "Always remember, Bob, the famous receipt for hare soup, 'First catch your hare.'"

My aunt was right. The house next door remained deserted. All inquiries of the whereabouts of Mrs. Noah and her family were utterly futile; not a trace of them could be found. The winter wore away to spring, the spring to autumn; apparently I had taken up my old manner of living. I went through the monotonous routine of life with an unbroken front, but the passionate longing had never left me. Aunt Deb had seemingly forgotten that episode in our lives, but we understood each other; an approach to tenderness was visible in her manner, a vague anxiety, a mute appeal, shaped itself in her eyes. All this time the house next door was as empty and deserted as my own desolate heart.

Another winter was upon us. One frosty night I had remained late at the office, and returning home when the street lamps were burning, I thought it must be a reflection of one of them in the neighboring window. I entered my own door in a species of vertigo, endeavoring as best I could to control my nerves. I saw at once in the face of my aunt something that sent my blood bounding to fever heat.

"There was a light next door," I stammered.

"Yes," said my aunt, her usually sharp and decisive voice trembling with emotion, "that dreadful woman has come back; she has actually sent me word she would be glad to see you to-night. Now is your time, Bob, to take those decisive measures you threatened. Go into that gloomy old ark, seize upon your dove, rescue her, bring her in to me!"

"I will bring her back with me, or remain there," I said. I had firmly resolved upon any course, however desperate to pursue, that might at last win for me the only woman I had ever loved.

Once having gained admittance to the presence of Mrs. Noah, it mattered little to me that the room, as my aunt had said, was oppressed with an indefinable gloom. Somewhere near was a star that would radiate its dingiest depth. I was in no humor for platitudes or empty civilities.

Striding over to Mrs. Noah, who seemed during her absence to have lost even the virility of her sternness, and shrunk into a helpless old age, I seized her cold and withered hand. "You have sent for me," I said: "it can be but for one purpose."

"Wait! wait!" she cried, her hand trembling in my grasp, a feverish color creeping into her sunken cheek. "You are too rash, too bold; you will do more harm than good. Go away again; give me time to think. My God! my God! how can I tell if it will be for the best?"

I was stricken with a nameless fear. Something in the words, the whole aspect of this woman appalled me. I fell on my knees by her chair; the bluster died out of my voice, which sank to the whisper of an appeal; my heart had melted to a sudden softness and pity, and she held my happiness in her hands.

"I swear to you, madam," I said, "I will not open my lips save at your command. All I ask is to see Estelle."

She arose and tottered to the door. I remained in my suppliant attitude, for I had gained no power of collecting my faculties, when Estelle appeared upon the threshold.

She was supported by Mrs. Noah and the negro woman, and seemed a creature from another world. A long white robe of some diaphanous material floated about her; her eyes now seemed to cover half her face, and glowed with an unnatural brilliancy. A vague yet terrible fascination kept me rooted to the spot until an angelic smile rested upon her lips. Then I sprang to my feet. "Estelle!" I cried; and the smile gave way to a shudder, a scream, and at length a discordant laugh. Then she turned and fled, followed by the negro nurse. Mrs. Noah fell into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

In my desperation, I could not keep my hands from this old woman. "What have you done to Estelle?" I said, shaking her by the shoulder. "She is ill; she is—" The word strangled in my throat.

"Yes," said the miserable woman, "all is in vain; she is hopelessly mad."

A few terrible months ensued. I gave up all business pursuits, and continually haunted the gloomy parlor next door. At times an interval of partial sanity lightened the weary burden of my grief, and a faint ray of hope gave me strength and patience; but the paroxysms of the malady that followed only plunged me into deeper despair. More delicate and frail she grew, till at last in the early spring, when the snow-drops were bursting into bloom, and the birds were building their nests in the honeysuckle vine, Estelle came back to me, her own sweet self. It was only to die; but, even thus, my heart was rested.

When all was over, I went away to the farthest end of the earth. Ten years had passed. After seven years of travel, I had settled down in the neighborhood of Jaffa to pass the remainder of my life. The indolent habits of the people, the strange language, the power to isolate one's self from obtrusive surroundings, the magnificent blue sky—a hundred allurements—decided my choice. Here nothing could remind me of the bitterness of the past, or take from me the remembrance of its sweetness. Sitting cross-legged like a Turk, I lived in reverie.

Suddenly I was summoned home by a message from Aunt Deb. Mrs. Noah was dead. She had sent for my aunt, and at last revealed the secret which I instinctively dreaded to hear.

"I am ready for your story, Aunt Deb," I said. "Begin at the beginning."

"Story!" said my aunt; "Heaven forbid! I never told even an anecdote in my life, Bob, and I'm too old to begin any such inflictions now. The long and the short of it is that the poor child was a victim—"

"To her aunt's tyranny and persecution," I broke in.

"Fiddlesticks, Bob! there was no persecution nor the other thing about it. The aunt was the victim from the first. The terrible malady was in the family, but the germ was so faint with Estelle up to womanhood that Mrs. Noah hoped for everything, till she fell in love with you; then it developed rapidly. Mrs. Noah, for the best reasons in the world, carried her away from you. The same excellent incentives induced her to bring the poor child back. All was in vain. You have believed all along that Estelle lost her reason and died all from frustrated love of you, whereas she was a victim to hereditary insanity from the first. You have sacrificed all these years to a shadow. Let's begin over again, Bob, and be happy."

As she spoke, the fire in the grate, which had burned very low, suddenly collapsed to ashes. The room grew dark and cold.

"Happy!" I cried out, bitterly.

My aunt uttered an expression of impatience, and vanished, leaving me alone with this grim reality.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti died in London on the 11th inst., in his fifty-fifth year. He was a remarkable figure in the art and literature of England during a period of nearly forty years—remarkable by reason of the great influence that he exerted upon his contemporaries rather than because of any great or enduring work that he himself produced.

His father was a man of fine parts, wholly poetical in his disposition, an enthusiast in letters, and deeply learned in the arts. An Italian by birth and education, he passed the latter half of his life in London, where his four children were born. They were Dante Gabriel Rossetti, William Michael Rossetti, Christina Gabrielle Rossetti, and Maria Francisca Rossetti, and they were brought up under conditions highly conducive to the development of the poetic temperament. The practical side of life implied a great deal of industry for three of them, but Dante had a very receptive mind, and was disposed to deep moods of introspection and flights of spiritual speculation. His individuality was positive and distinct, his enthusiasm was contagious; and as he inclined to the picturesque, the romantic, and the liberal in all his views of the fine arts, and was, moreover, by early chance of association thrown in contact with the younger men in letters and art in England, and those most restive under the restraints of convention and formality, he easily found followers. In great part, to the influence of Rossetti may be traced what there is in the English art of to-day that is distinctive and characteristic. Out of his teachings, and the examples furnished by the men with whom he chiefly associated, grew, in great part, the present decorative character of English homes and such renaissance in the matter of the fine arts generally as there is now to be observed in England. His tastes and his eccentricities found ready imitators; his pictures were full of mystery and subtle symbolism; and his poetry, in its picturesqueness, its ideality, and its passion, infatuated all the younger writers of his time.

His life was a quaint and curious one, dreamy and unreal in some degree, but very largely reflected in the work and in the lives of his contemporaries.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Old friends of Jumbo in England will be pained to learn that when the elderly and sedate pachyderm was transferred from his travelling-box to his new quarters in this city, three keepers hovered around him with big pitchforks in their hands. It is needless to say that Jumbo gave them no occasion to use these instruments of coercion. Nevertheless, he must have been pained to observe this apparent lack of confidence in him, unless his intelligence is of an order which enabled him to look upon the pitchforks as part of the advertising machinery with which he has been surrounded since his arrival in America.

"There are often skeletons hidden behind marble fronts and lace curtains," observes a Chicago contemporary; and it may be added that when the spring-time pans out as it has this year, there are numerous skeletons partly hidden behind chest-protectors and porous plasters.

It is worth remembering that when a man despairs of getting good weight at his grocer's, he can generally get all the wait he wants by dropping in at his barber's.

While investigating a rumor that the Emperor of China was dead, the news seekers discovered that it was not he who had died, but six persons who had the misfortune to incur his displeasure.

It occurred to an Albany reporter to obtain from Chally Yut Sung an expression of Chinese opinion as to the neighboring city of Troy, in which the laundry business flourishes to an extent unprecedented, and under auspices not Mongolian. Laundryman Chally Yut Sung's observation was: "Schlool-boy Chinamen in Tloy. No washee Chinaman in Tloy; too muchee gal washee Tloy."

Mungo, a well-known circus elephant, died recently in Washington, and an autopsy revealed the fact that his disease was pneumonia.

There are stories of a strange animal in Texas "which has features of both an ox and a horse"—a sort of animal equinox.

Washington society has caught glimpses of the new Chinese Minister's wife when she has been riding in her carriage or standing by a window, and has pronounced her beautiful.

A Southern newspaper bemoans the plight of the commonwealth in which it is printed, declaring that the State "has certainly come to a nice pass when a renegade preacher, four third-rate lawyers, an editor of a weekly paper, and a red-headed man meet in a hotel and dictate to it what it shall do."

The Lowell *Courier* cautions the public against believing all they hear about the new comet, since it is now in the constellation of the Lyre.

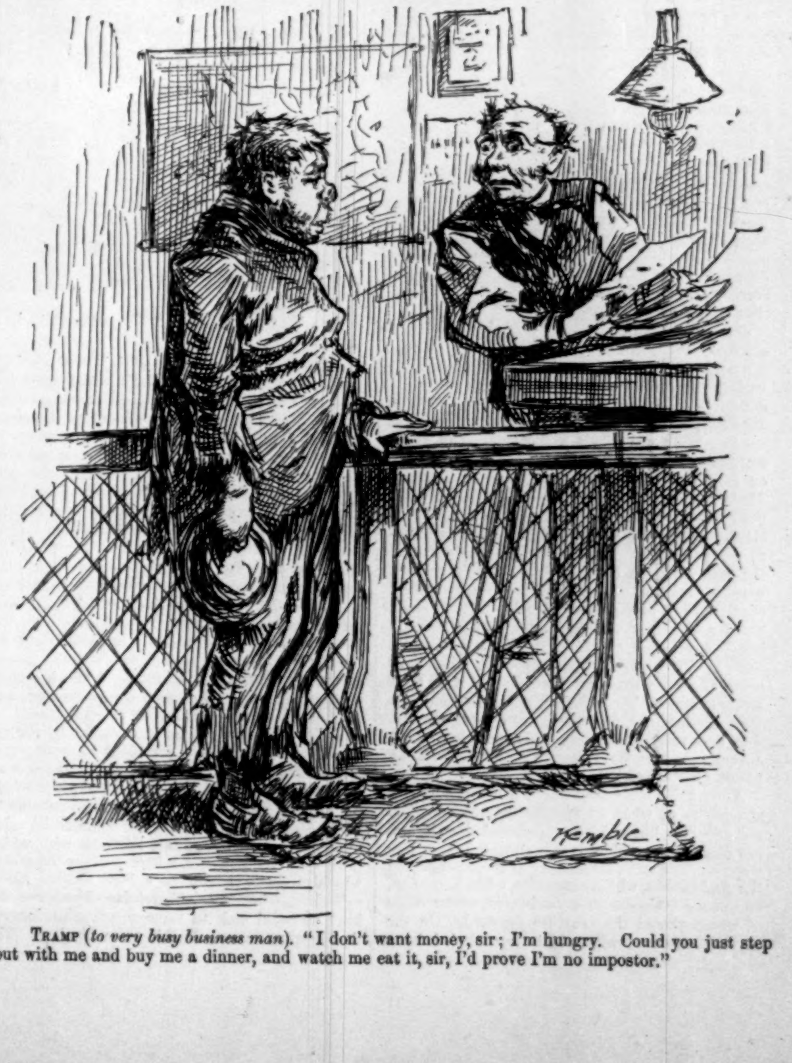
Down in Markville, Louisiana, the other day, a wild deer bounded into town at the top of his speed, and nearly upset a group of men who were standing in the court-house square talking politics. Before they could recover from their surprise, the animal had run to the Recorder's office, where he made desperate efforts to climb the fence. Frightened from there, he fled down the street, followed by a crowd, who eventually captured him. He was a nice fat young buck, and had evidently been pursued by hunters.

It is said that the tariff question is a favorite theme with Congressmen, for the reason that there is no other subject on which a man can talk so long on so little information.

For the first time in many years large flocks of wild-ducks have remained throughout the winter on Galloup Island, in Lake Ontario. There has been open water there since fall, and the person who tells the story says that the ducks seemed to expect that the island would be a fit place this season for them to winter in.

A story has it that an impecunious resident of Arizona who was a playmate of the Prince of Wales when both were boys has ever since kept up a friendly correspondence with the heir to the British throne.

A Washington paper is authority for the following, which is written concerning a member of the United States Senate: "Senator —— is somewhat given to profanity. At times he makes the Senatorial welkin ring with his expletives. He has also a pleasant fashion of wearing his hat during debate, and of standing up when he is ordered to sit down. To bullyrag the chairman and sergeant-at-arms into a state of frantic desperation is another of his favorite diversions. But under the re-adjusting influences of a cocktail or two, Mr. —— always comes out right the next morning, and nothing can exceed or resist the Chesterfieldian grace with which he makes the amende apologétique."

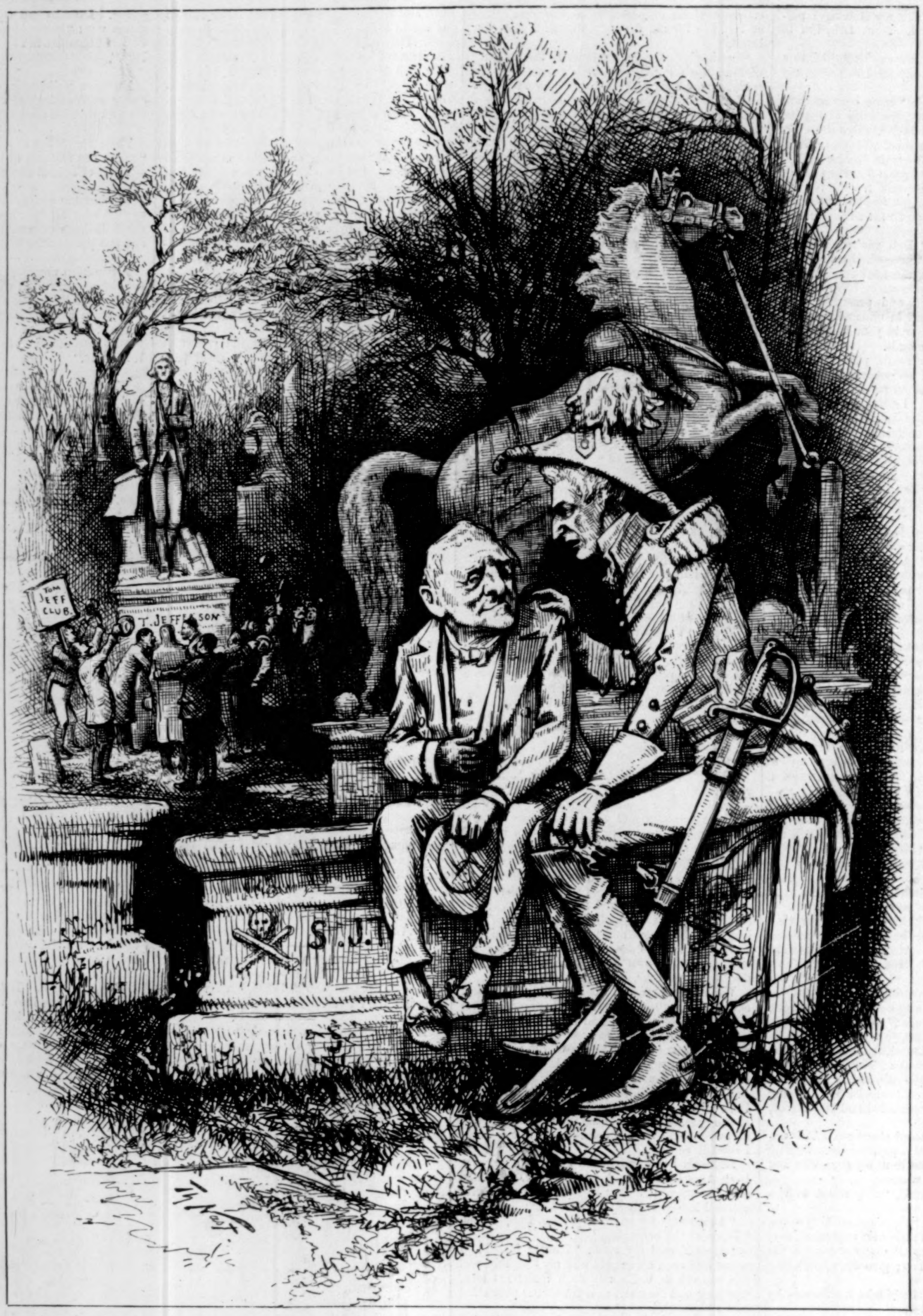


Tramp (*to very busy business man*). "I don't want money, sir; I'm hungry. Could you just step out with me and buy me a dinner, and watch me eat it, sir, I'd prove I'm no impostor."

WONDERFUL FISHES.

The Aquarium in Naples is undoubtedly the most interesting establishment of the kind in the world. It was established in 1874 through the instrumentality of Dr. Dohrn, a German naturalist, and is now the central point for the study of marine biology. A resident staff of naturalists is stationed there for investigating purposes, and the result of their labors is published from time to time, and sent to the different museums and laboratories in Europe. The ground on which the Aquarium stands was originally given to Dr. Dohrn for a term of fifty years, with the provision that he should build and establish an institution for the benefit of those interested in the scientific study of the marine world. Not only has Dr. Dohrn fulfilled his contract, and given professional naturalists an opportunity of familiarizing themselves with the strange inhabitants of the sea, but a new collection of wonders is opened to curiosity-seekers as well.

The marvellous variety of animate existence in the waters of the Mediterranean gives this aquarium a great advantage over others elsewhere which draw their supplies from different waters. There is a natural preference for this situation, and the equipments necessary for capturing exhibits from the animal and vegetable kingdoms that inhabit these waters are very extensive and complete. A small steam-yacht and a flotilla of sailing and rowing boats are maintained for dredging and other purposes. The preparations here made for the sustenance and investigation of this wonderful science have enabled many foreign naturalists to prosecute their biological pursuits with skillful precision, and in a thoroughly scientific manner. The new and constant influx of fishes to the Aquarium is such that the visitor, however familiar he may be with the varieties on exhibition, can usually count upon seeing new and strange specimens, which are brought in by fishers employed expressly for that purpose.



THE JEFFERSONIAN REVIVAL.

General Jackson's Statue to Tilden's Statue. "The Democrats have dropped me, and taken up Thomas; *your turn will come round next.*"

On the occasion of a recent visit made by the writer, the Aquarium was especially rich in the variety known as the *Loligo*. These beautiful creatures rarely survive more than a few days of captivity, being unable to live within a confined space. They are about a foot long, and semi-transparent, and, except for their breadth of three or four inches, not unlike a feathered arrow. Their motion resembles that of a bird. During their captivity they are never still, but move constantly about with a soft swaying movement until death ensues. This generally takes place at the end of three or four days. Their restless motion seems a constant protest against their captivity, and at the least disturbance they make rapid and almost violent jumps, during which a brilliant crimson tinge covers their milk-white bodies. They are fed upon shrimps, which they seize, after the manner of cuttle-fish, with their feathery arms. Their flesh is quite delicious eating. Their bones, transparent as crystal, are flexible, and resemble quills; their secretion of ink is very abundant, from whence comes their Italian name, *Calamio* (inkstand).

Among the more perishable fishes are certain specimens of what an unscientific visitor would call jelly-fish, but which are far from being the stupid and gelatinous lumps that abound in Northern waters. The most interesting of these is perhaps the *Rhizostoma*, which resembles, when in motion, an opened umbrella, or a mushroom, contractions of which propel the creature forward. On the edge of this umbrella, which is encircled by a nervous ring, are the organs of sight and hearing. It is also fringed by fine hairs, which give the creature a most graceful appearance while swimming. These have to a certain extent the character of the nettle, and serve as a protection to their delicate owners. The *Medusæ*, or sea-nettles, of the Aquarium, are harmless creatures, but a species is said to exist in the ocean which have a diameter of from twelve to twenty-four inches, and a weight of from fifty to sixty pounds. These are dangerous even to men. The migrations of the sea-nettles are exceedingly interesting. At certain times they gather in immense quantities, and then, dividing themselves into bands, commence their migrations. These bands have the power to arrest ships for hours, and even for days. Their departures are caused by the same reason as those of human emigrants. When a certain portion of the sea becomes overpopulated, and food is scarce, they set out for fresh fields.

Every visitor to Naples is attracted by the exquisite coral ornaments exhibited in such profusion in the stores. At the Aquarium there is an opportunity to view the strange creatures to which the world is indebted for this beautiful substance. The finer corals owe their great commercial value to their rare coloring, and the ease with which they may be polished. The curious creatures which produce them have a body shaped like a cylinder. They attach themselves by means of a kind of pedal disk to some fixed point, leaving their numerous and flexible tentacles free. The coral which is so highly valued may be described as the habitation which these creatures construct for themselves by means of their many arms. There are many varieties of these strange builders. The most perfectly organized is a voracious creature which feeds not only upon insects and fishes, but will devour shell-fish, mollusks, and even pieces of glass. A certain specimen that once inhabited the Aquarium enjoyed the reputation of having seized and eaten an octopus larger than itself. They are hardy creatures, and will live even for years in confinement. A story is told of one that was kept forty years in an aquarium, during which time various families of little ones were born, numbering altogether, according to the calculations made, more than a thousand. There is one variety of coral that is found only in the Bay of Naples, where it lives at an immense depth. Unlike other varieties, it is very delicate, and will not survive in confinement more than a few months at the longest.

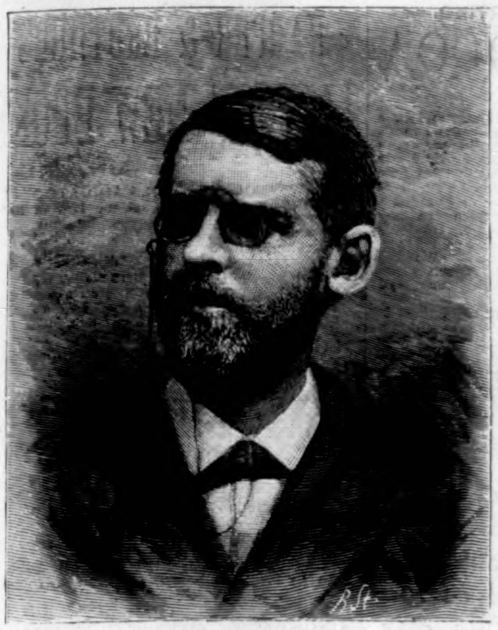
The *Jambonneau* (a word which allows itself to be translated into "small ham") is fairly described by its name. It has a thin shell, and stands upright, the pointed end fastened upon some solid substance. These creatures produce a sort of silky substance, which was in ancient times spun and woven into various articles. Even as late as the eighteenth century there might have been found in Naples and in Sicily establishments for the production of jambonneau silk. Bunches of the thread, of a brilliant green hue, were plunged into soap and water, then washed two or three times, colored, and spun with a distaff. Gloves, stockings, and even whole garments were made from the material thus produced. Pearls are sometimes found in the jambonneau, but none of any value. There is a legend that has come down from ancient times that these creatures entertain always a stranger who watches over the safety of his host for the sake of being lodged with him. It is founded upon the fact of there being usually a crab, or inferior fish, or mollusk of some kind found within the jambonneau. Scientists have destroyed the legend, however, by saying that the latter reaps no advantage from the hospitality it exercises.

The Neapolitan Aquarium has one inmate familiar to most visitors in appearance, but possessing quite an interesting history. It is a great turtle, considerably more than a yard in length, and weighing eight hundred pounds. The species is common on the Mediterranean coasts, and may occasionally be found in the Adriatic in the neighborhood of Trieste, and also in the ocean. They feed upon shell-fish and other small marine animals. When an effort is made to capture them, they resist vigorously, and a bite from their powerful jaws is exceedingly dangerous. The one in question was captured by some Mediterranean fishermen after a violent resistance. In captivity they are especially savage. At the Aquarium it has been necessary to separate them from other animals, and the present occupant spends her days in solitary confinement. In winter she becomes lazy, and loses her appetite, but in summer she has the reputation of being quite lively, and raising a considerable tumult within her watery prison.

A NIGHT IN AN ABYSSINIAN HUT.

One night, says a well-known traveller, I awoke in horror and agony, and some minutes elapsed before I could realize what was happening. Bitten over with a force and violence never experienced from any known nocturnal tormentor, I began to believe Abyssinia must be the home in real life of some of those hideous insects of colossal mould which make night hideous to clowns in pantomimes. Hastily lighting a lantern—a feat rendered nearly impossible owing to the instant attack made on my hand—I found bed, table, boxes, and ground covered by huge ants, ants in millions, big ants and little ants, all ceaselessly in motion, the larger ones three-quarters of an inch long (the bite of these causes exquisite pain, and is so vicious that in removing the insect the head is left fixed in the flesh). It was very difficult to clear them from one's person, and effect a change of clothes—a proceeding which had to be gradually performed outside the house. Then there remained the task of driving them from the hut; for this there exists but one effective means, viz., to light fires about the ground and around all articles in their possession. After perseverance in this course, the interior of my house presenting meantime the appearance of a Lilliputian bivouac, in about two hours their retreat was as magical as their advent.

I had discovered by this time that in my present abode retirement for the purpose of rest included many possibilities besides sleep. Tired out by protracted and inglorious contests waged against superier numbers of the remorseless fly during the day, I found a brood of latent foes, which, selecting as their period of action the human being's period of repose, awoke into life at



THE HON. WILLIAM E. CHANDLER, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.—Photographed by C. M. Bell.

night, and did not go home at morning. The acrobatic flea, the pugnacious ant, corpulent and unprincipled-looking spiders, highly scented cockroaches, and long-tailed rats kept me in a constant state of nocturnal activity, and furnished a clew to my neighbors' restlessness; then mules walked in and sniffed, dogs and donkeys did the same, and goats, with their short patter, patter, also came and contemplated me with solemn interest.

I had been provided before starting for Abyssinia with a patent powder against fleas and a valuable specific against bugs. I had been told that it was an excellent thing to rub one's self all over with camphor-ball before seeking one's couch, and that a wash of eau-de-Cologne was indispensable; but, reduced to action, these remedies became somewhat tedious, and I found the most effectual defense was provided by putting one's self into a large cotton bag, drawing the string round the neck, and then camphoring the face; this left one free to engage the larger quadrupeds, which, however, I subsequently defeated more effectually by barring the entrance with a tent pole.

MOUNT WASHINGTON.

Mount Washington has been called "an arctic island in the temperate zone." Even in summer its elevated peak is rarely visited by sunshine, and is usually found by the traveller who climbs it to be the home of wind and rain clouds. It is now an easy task to reach the summit of this the tallest mountain in our Eastern States, and enjoy the view of the "epic landscape," which embraces a circumference of several hundred miles, in which can be detected scores of villages, and countless streams which unite to form the rivers of New England. In summer, a few days on the summit is pleasant. You can watch the sunset and the sunrise, the shadows of the clouds drifting over the earth below you, or the shadow of the mountain projected on the clouds; you may see storms form and burst far below you, and watch the fluctuations of the barometer. Few of us, however, who in our holidays visit the White Mountains, and amuse ourselves for a day or two on the summit of Mount Washington, ever think of the life that must be led by those whose duty it is to pass the winter on this storm-beaten peak. There is a small hamlet now there; there are the old hotels, with their low stone walls; there is the new hotel; and there, in a most exposed situation, toward the south of the cone, stands the small wooden observatory occupied by the Signal Service. In winter, the railroad by which these houses can be reached in summer is buried in snow and ice, and the mountain is swept by gales which render travel impossible. The wind has been registered as blowing at the rate of 100 miles per hour for forty-eight hours. In April, 1879, its velocity was 182 miles, and in the great January gale described so vividly in **Drake's** magnificent *Heart of the White Mountains*, the wind-gauge registered 186 miles per hour. "By nine in the evening"—the soldier on duty thus describes the scene—"the wind had increased to one hundred miles an hour, with heavy sleet. The exposed thermometer registered 24° below. The uproar was deafening. The wind, gathering up all the loose ice on the mountain, dashed it against the house in a continuous volley." In this terrible tornado the shed used as an engine-house was destroyed, and the plank walk connecting the hotel and the signal station entirely swept away. Even if it had remained, no man could have crossed the short intervening space. In momentary expectation of being swept into eternity, the watchers prepared for the worst by wrapping themselves up in blankets, bound round by ropes to which were attached bars of iron, "so that if the house went by the board, they might have a chance of anchoring somewhere." Tempests of such violence are of course rare, but even in winds that blow only at the rate of sixty or eighty miles an hour the observatory rocks and trembles in the blast.

BAYONET DRILL EXHIBITION.

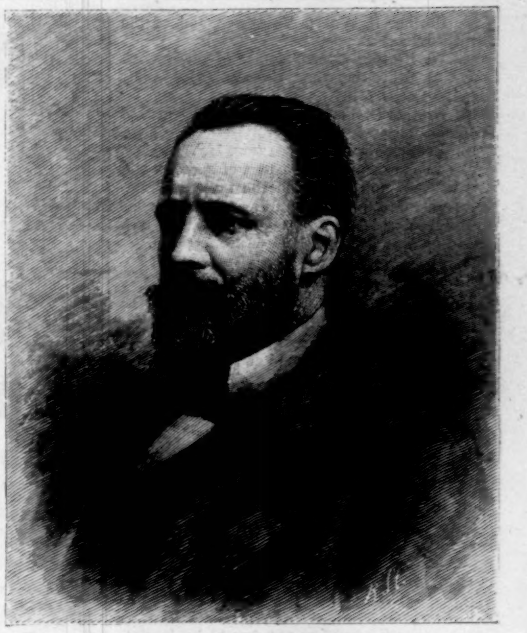
The reception given by the Ninth Regiment, N.G.S.N.Y., on the 19th of April, at their armory in West Twenty-sixth Street, was one of the pleasantest military reunions of the season. Aside from its delightful social features, it was notable for the competitive drill in the bayonet exercise between members of Company I of the Ninth, and uniformed members of Duryea's Zouaves, Fifth New York Volunteers. Our illustrations on page 248 will give the reader a good idea of the character of this drill.

A MOORISH MASONIC LODGE.

The first Masonic Lodge on Moorish soil was opened on Thursday, February 23, in the city of Tangier, by the Special Grand Master for Morocco, M. W. Brother **Stewart Patterson**.

The Lodge is called the "Al Moghreb al Aksa," which is the Arabic name for Morocco, meaning literally the "Far West"; for the Saracen conquerors from the East who overran Northern Africa upward of a thousand years ago regarded the Atlantic coasts of Africa as the far West, just beyond which was the end of the world.

The matter will prove of interest to all American, and especially Canadian Masons, as the Lodge derives its charter, strange to say, from this side of the Atlantic, and stranger still, from one of the most distant and youngest of Grand Lodges—that of Manitoba.



THE HON. HENRY M. TELLER, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.—Photographed by C. M. Bell.

In our illustration on page 245, the members are numbered as follows:

1. Special Grand Master, Brother **Stewart Patterson**, who was the first Master of the first Lodge in Manitoba, and was afterward appointed by the Grand Lodge of Canada their District Grand Master in that province. He is now chaplain to her Britannic Majesty's forces at Gibraltar.

2. Acting Grand Senior Warden Brother A. **Ross**.

3. **Hadj Ali Butalib** (a nephew of the celebrated Algerian chief **Abdul Kadir**), recently decorated by the German Emperor for saving the life of a distinguished German traveller near Timbuctoo.

4. **Levy Cohen**, Esq., Acting Senior Warden, a Jewish gentleman of Tangier.

5. Acting Grand Junior Warden Brother Lieutenant C. **Johnston**, A.H.C.

5^{a}. Señor Don **Manuel Novello**, of the British Legation.

6. Señor Don **Enrico Tugaro**, of Tangier.

7. Señor Don **Antonio Gutierrez**, of Tangier.

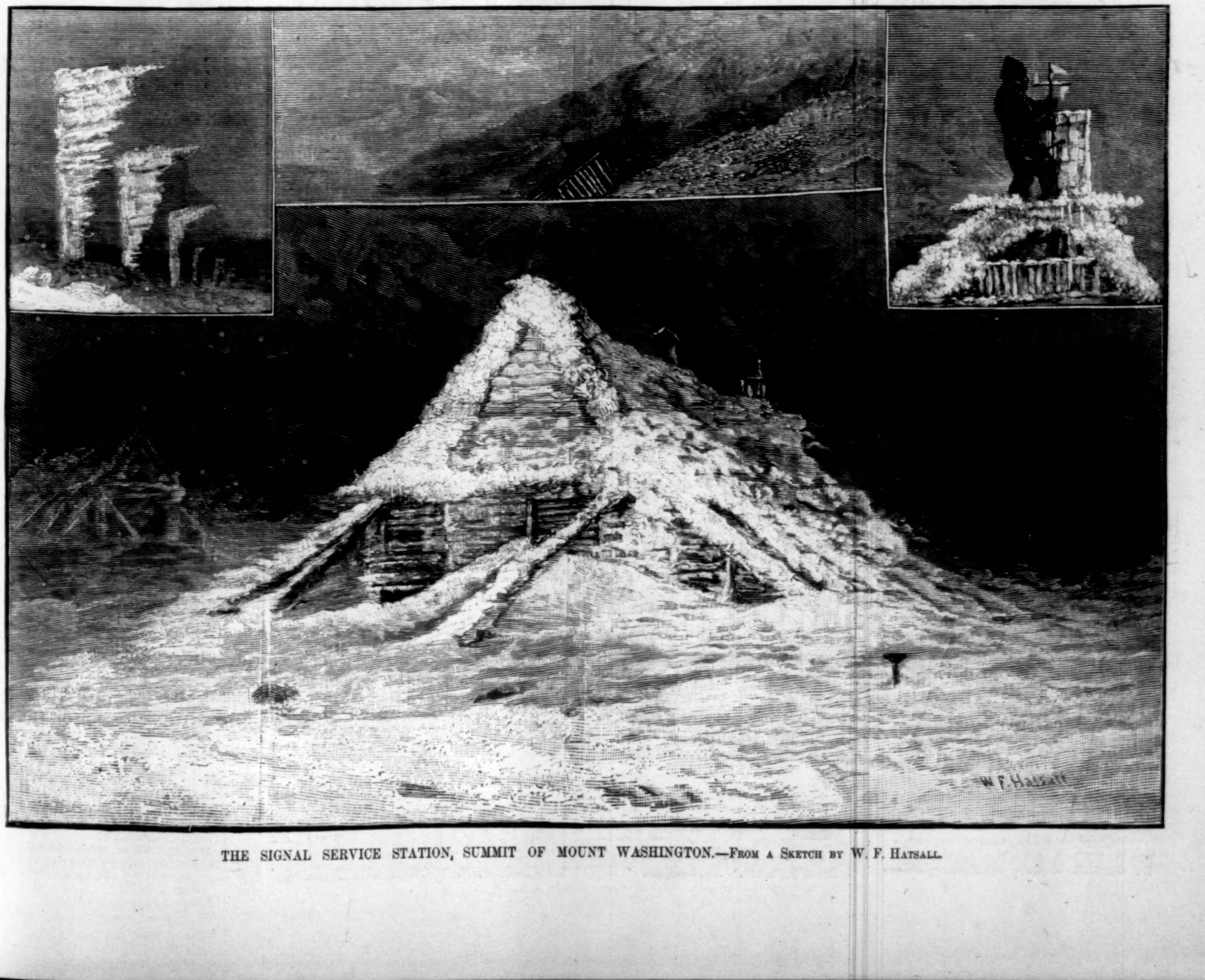
8. Señor Don M. **Aflalo**, of the Italian Legation.

9. W. M. of the Al Moghreb al Aksa Lodge, Brother Captain I. R. **Ballard**, A.P.D., a Canadian officer.

10. Brother **Sidi Abdeslam Benarais**, Junior Warden. The grandfather of this Moorish gentleman was a celebrated Barbary corsair.

11. Señor Don **Eduardo Silva**, Kaid of the Imperial Moroccan Engineers and Director of Works.

12. W. Brother I. **Bell**, P.M. of an Irish lodge, and belonging to the British Royal Artillery.



THE SIGNAL SERVICE STATION, SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.—From a Sketch by W. F. Hatsall.

13. Brother S. Worth, Treasurer, and of the Royal Engineer Department.

14. W. Brother Lyons, Master of an English Lodge at Gibraltar, and Sergeant-Major Army Hospital Corps.

15. Brother D. Shrique, a Jewish gentleman of Tangier.

16. Brother Damian Dobranich, 18°.

The Lodge has every prospect of success, and it is in contemplation, when the growth of Masonry warrants the step, to form a Grand Lodge of Morocco, which will no doubt be warmly welcomed by all the Grand Lodges in the world.

JAPANESE METAL-WORK.

For centuries past the artists of Japan have earned for themselves a reputation for their skill in the working of metals, and at the present day their productions in bronze, iron, and steel excite admiration and astonishment. This art industry is of extreme antiquity. Mr. Satow, in his recent hand-book of Central and Northern Japan, describes the colossal image of Buddha at Nara. It was first cast in 749 A.D., and was set up in its present position. It suffered from various accidents, and in 1567 the temple was burned to the ground, the head of the image falling off. It was replaced not long afterward, and we may therefore assign to the body an age of 1140 years, and to the head about 300 years.

Buddha is represented seated cross-legged on a dais, which is of bronze, and represents the calyx of a lotus. The figure is 53½ feet high, the face is 16 feet long and 9½ wide, while 966 curls adorn the head, around which is a halo 78 feet in diameter, on which are images 8 feet in length. A roof protects the image, and a staging is erected to assist visitors in examining it. The casting is said to have been attempted seven times before it was accomplished, and 3000 tons of charcoal were used in the operation. The whole is said to weigh 450 tons, and the alloy is composed of 500 pounds of gold, 1954 pounds of mercury, 16,827 pounds of tin, and 986,080 pounds of copper.

The body of the image, and all the most ancient part of the lotus flowers on which it is seated, are apparently formed of plates of bronze 10 inches by 12, soldered together, except the modern parts, which are much larger castings. A peculiar method of construction is said to have been adopted, namely, of gradually building up the walls of the mould as the lower part of the casting cooled, instead of constructing the whole mould first, and then making the casting in a single piece. The various temple bells, some of which are of great size, are remarkable for the sweetness and mellowness of their tones, which contrast greatly with the harsh, clanging sounds of European bells. They are struck on the outside by huge pine beams which are suspended by strong ropes.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
VALUABLE MEDICINE.
Dr. W. H. Parmelee, Toledo, O., says: "I have prescribed the 'acid' in a large variety of diseases, and have been amply satisfied that it is a valuable addition to our list of medicinal agents."—[*Adv.*]

FROM S. L. COHEN, ESQ., PRESIDENT of the New York Consolidated Card Company, 123 William St.
New York, July 23, 1881.
Dr. Tobias,—For thirty years I have used your Liniment in my family for Diarrhœa, Sore Throats, Rheumatism, Mosquito Bites, and Inward and Outward Pains. It always cured. I never go to Europe without it, and many of my friends there to whom I have given it have ordered supplies from you. Last night at my place at Long Branch one of my horses was taken very bad with colic; I used your Horse Liniment with most marvellous effect on him. In an hour he was well. I truly believe he would have died without it. Your Condition Powders are all you represent them to be. I am never without your preparations.
Yours truly, S. L. Cohen.
Sold by all druggists at 25 and 50c. Depot, 42 Murray St.—[*Adv.*]

INFANTS DO NOT REQUIRE CHANGE of food frequently, as mothers sometimes suppose. Anglo-Swiss Milk-Food is capital, steadily given, and it is also excellent for invalids.—[*Adv.*]

To Our Lady Readers.—Messrs. Wm. B. Riker & Son, one of the *oldest* and most *reliable* drug firms in the city, prepare a face lotion *equalled by none.* It is entirely different from all others, being a most healing and beneficial preparation, which not only hides defects, but *eradicates* them. We conscientiously recommend it to all. Ask for Riker's Cream of Roses. Depot, 353 Sixth Avenue.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters are endorsed by all the leading physicians and chemists for their purity and wholesomeness. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer and druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has ***three times the strength*** of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

FULL WEIGHT
ROYAL
ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
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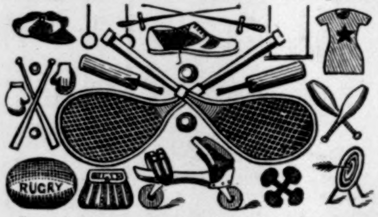

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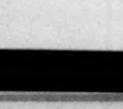

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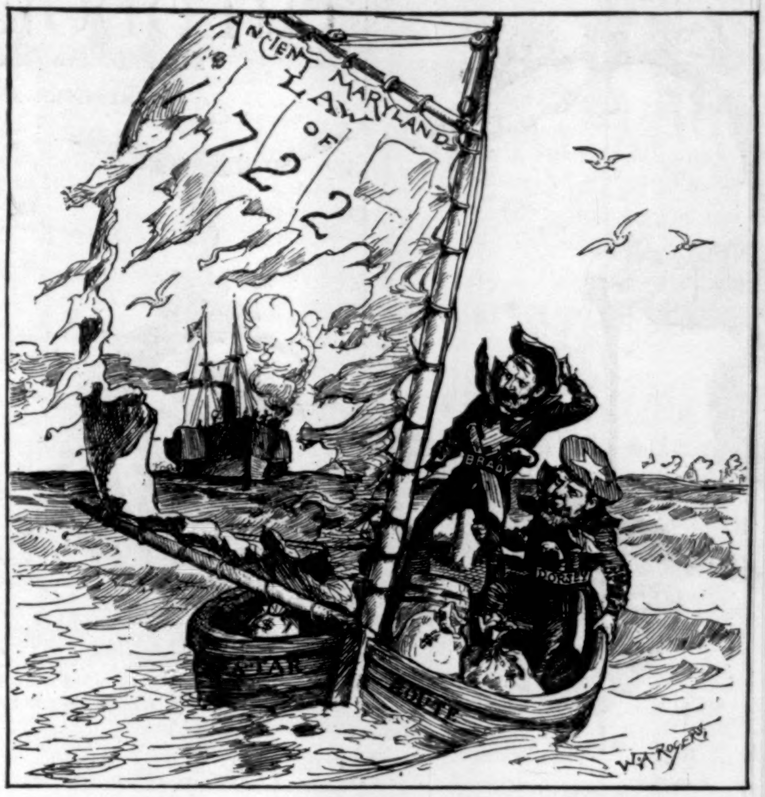

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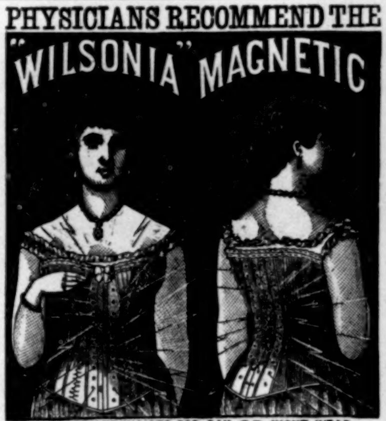

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